

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## DOUBLEDAY'S CHILDREN.

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BOOK I. THE NARRATIVE OF BASIL DOUBLEDAY.  
CHAPTER XV. THE CAPTIVE'S CHILDREN.

OUR first visit to my father in prison was concluded.

"You'll excuse my dressing-gown?" he said. "We're not so particular here as we might be on the subject of costume. Every man dresses here as seems good in his own eyes; or as the state of his wardrobe permits. I'll see you to the gate. This way."

He took an affectionate leave of us.

"You must come again soon. You'll be able to find the way for yourselves. There will be no need for you to trouble our kind friend, Mr. Grisdale, to accompany you."

Mr. Grisdale said it was no trouble; he should often be coming that way; he should himself be desirous of seeing his friend, Mr. Doubleday.

"And you'll be good boys? but I'm sure you will. And you'll come and see me soon—and often—but not too often. No. I wouldn't have that. This is hardly the place for you; or your father either, for that matter. But I shall be out soon—very soon—at least I hope so."

It struck me that he did not speak very sanguinely; that he had, as it were, deferred his departure to a more distant period than he had originally contemplated.

"Will he really be out soon?" I was tempted to inquire of Mr. Grisdale.

"Didn't you hear what he said, my boy? Hope for the best. Always hope for the best."

But Mr. Grisdale's tone was not encouraging.

I talked with Nick about The Bench. He freely confessed the disappointment of his expectations. It was not like a prison. It was more like a workhouse. He had never before, at one time, seen so many people together, all wearing old clothes.

My father and Mr. Grisdale conversed a little apart, and then shook hands, and parted on cordial terms. We were rather sad and silent returning from the prison; and yet we could scarcely have explained our depression. But, we had breathed the prison air. We had been among the "collegians" of "Number One, Belvidere-place."

My father's iron-gray locks had acquired a whiter look; their iron, in truth, was turning more and more to silver; and his shoulders seemed to me rounder than they had been formerly; his back more bent. Until I had seen him in The Bench I had thought of him as middle-aged. For the first time he appeared to me as an old man.

How soon do doubts afflict children touching the infallibility of their parents? How soon is conviction forced upon them that their fathers and mothers are less good and great, wise and powerful than they had once seemed? For the time surely comes, at last, when the sons commence weighing their sires in the balances, to find them wanting.

Some misgiving on the subject had probably already occurred both to Nick and myself; but it now became clear to us—without interchange of words—that we must look for little more help or protection from my father. Ill-success and misfortune had long been his portion. We were too well aware of the fact. Still, it had not been necessary to hold him responsible on that account; he might not be chargeable with

his adversities. But we could hardly entertain doubt upon that head now. Failure and trouble had come to him because of his repeated invitations to them. There was a fatal lack of practicability about him. Nature had not qualified him for an active part in the battle of life; he was without weapons or without skill to ply them. He failed alike to appreciate the difficulties surrounding him and his own incompetence to combat them.

And now he was in The Bench. Was he making exertion to regain his liberty? It was doubtful. He seemed rather bent upon resigning himself to his state of durance; and so—he took lessons in elocution of Mr. Toomer Hooton, and busied himself with a strange design for the reconstruction of his prison.

We could not but perceive that the way out of his prison did not lie in that direction; and yet it was hard to blame him. If we had arrived at the conviction that he was not a wise father, we were none the less satisfied of his tender love for us. We criticised him—there was no helping it—but we loved him too.

Mr. Grisdale was a great and true friend to us at this time. He was odd and abrupt, and sometimes comical; but he was very good and very kind to us. Much occupied as he was with his other pursuits, he came to us as often as he possibly could, to help us and look after us.

"Don't be idle, whatever you are," he would say. "Remember how your father commended industry when he showed us those exquisite drawings of his. Don't close your books, there's dear boys. Learn lessons every day. You've more advantages than ever I had; although just now, I admit, your situation isn't all that could be desired. Go on with your studies; I'll learn with you; and we'll help each other. Don't forget what you've already learned, nor let your minds rust; keep your brains going—brains are all the better for exercise."

And so, under Mr. Grisdale's auspices, certain educational processes went on with us.

We frequently visited The Bench. We knew the way now, and did not need Mr. Grisdale's guidance. We were quite at home in the prison; it shocked us no longer. We traversed its gloomy passages and mounted its dingy stairs with light hearts enough. My father was always well pleased to see us, and welcomed us warmly to his poor room. We were of assistance to him in his communications with the world

without the prison-doors—we ran errands for him, in fact, and brought him little presents of fruit and flowers; humble gifts, for our pockets were not well furnished; but he was glad to receive them. And we carried him from Mr. Grisdale many newspapers for his perusal and amusement, including, of course, *The Star of Hope*.

He still took lessons in elocution of Mr. Hooton, still an inmate of The Bench; and from time to time he entertained himself with further architectural projects of vast scope, which moved many people to wonder and admiration; but were not otherwise productive of results.

He was never despondent; but I noted that he had become feeble somewhat; that his activity had diminished; and that he grew more and more negligent of his dress. It was plain that he was becoming more and more accustomed to his imprisonment. Life in The Bench was now a too-familiar thing; the prison manners and customs, moods and sentiments, were growing upon him and engrossing him. It was perhaps the worst symptoms of his condition, that he was so content with it, so unambitious about changing or amending it.

He was not absolutely without means, and thus was enabled to provide himself with certain comforts of life beyond the reach of prisoners of poorer fortune. Some allowance was made to him, and paid punctually every month; but as to its amount, or the source from whence it was derived, we were not informed. It was not considerable, however, although he did not fail to devote a portion of it to the maintenance of his sons. We conjectured that my father's relations in the North of England still held out a helping hand to him—if there wasn't much in it. Probably they were now content to support him merely, and were indifferent about the fact of his imprisonment, and blind to the advantage of relieving him altogether from his embarrassments; holding that in The Bench he was at any rate safe, and out of harm's way.

Our life was dull enough; and yet we never at the time thought of it as dull. As diamonds emit light, so childhood seems to shed round it a certain liveliness. We invented occupations and amusements for ourselves; just as children, even poorer than we were, make toys for themselves out of rubbish and refuse.

And then we were very happy in this: we had Lina, the little girl next door, for our playmate, and we loved her devotedly.

"Which do you like best of us?" I asked her one day.

She laughed merrily. "How should I know? I like you both best."

"But that can't be. You must have a choice—a preference."

She persisted that she had no preference. That she liked Nick just as well as she liked me, and that she liked me just as well as she liked Nick; that she liked us both the best, as she expressed it.

"But suppose," I said, "we were ordered to be executed—that we were about to be led out to be shot—and that you had power to save one of us, which would you save?"

"I don't know—I don't know," she cried, in a pained voice. "I would try to save both."

"But if that could not be?"

"I would close my eyes. I would stretch forth my arms. I would walk forward, like in Blind Man's Buff; the first I touched should be the one saved; for the other, the poor other—well, if I might not save him too, I would die with him. That is what I would do. But why do you say such things? You are not to be led forth to be shot, nor Nick—it is not likely it will ever happen. Ah, you would say it has happened before! Yes; to my father. He was a brave man—a patriot—and he died as you have said. But to you—here, in England—no, it will never be. You are wrong to tell me of such things. You should not talk to me like that. Nick does not—never, never."

"Ah! you like him best, then."

"I do not say that."

"You think he has more sense."

"No; he is stupid. Oh, sometimes, he is very, very stupid," and she laughed again, a laugh very bright and musical, that sent strange thrills through me.

"Who's stupid?" Nick asked, interrupting us suddenly.

"Who is stupid? Oh, there are so many!" laughed Lina.

"But you were speaking of some one in particular."

"Were we? Oh yes, I daresay we were. Who were we speaking of, Basil? It was of Monsieur Chose, was it not?"

"Yes," I said, "of Monsieur Chose."

"Monsieur Chose?" Nick repeated, simply. "But who is he? Do I know him?"

"No, I really think you do not know him," said Catalina, after a pause, during which she eyed him roguishly.

"I do believe you're laughing at me,"

Nick said, after some deliberation. "You should not teach her to play the fool, Buppy. It's your doing, I can see. You've put her up to saying such things as that. But just you mind what you're about. If she's cheeky to me, I'll punch your head."

And he went away rather angrily.

"Did I not say that he was stupid?" cried Lina, clapping her hands; "and yet I do like him too."

"Because he is stupid?"

"Well, yes; in part because he is stupid; for he is so brave with it. He does not know, he does not care, how stupid he is; how stupid others may think him. He goes straight on, with his head up, whatever happens. And his brow knits, and his hands clench, and his eyes flash—that is why I like him. You are cleverer than he is; but are you so brave? But to be brave it is necessary, perhaps, to be rather stupid; not to know, not to see, not to feel, not to hear; but to go straight on, with your head up, until you knock some one down, or some one knocks you down. It is all the same to one who is brave."

She laughed again, and then, as she was fond of doing, she talked about Doris.

"Tell me of her again, your sister. Dolly, as you call her; shall you see her soon? Is she coming to London? Will she like me, do you think? Is she clever? Or is she stupid, like Nick? Does she know French, Italian, Spanish? No; I'm sure she does not know Spanish. I do; not so very much. I should have known more had my father lived. Does she know music? Can she play the piano, the harp, the guitar? I do so want to see her. But she will not care for me, I daresay. I should like her for my friend; but she is grand, perhaps. She will look down upon me. But I am learning music too. My professor is my good uncle. You have seen him, have you not? They all say that he is one of the best musicians—my good uncle Junius."

#### CHAPTER XVI. JUNIUS.

UNCLE JUNIUS was the elder brother of Lucius Grisdale. They were much alike in regard to stature, and form, and colour. Junius was the elder. His looks were less brightly red than were his brother's—were subdued and quenched somewhat by a mixture of white and gray; and he was much less loquacious and impetuous altogether. He was, indeed, somewhat meek and even cowed of look. It seemed that while adverse fortune had, as it were,

stimulated the energies, and enhanced the vivacity of the one, it had exercised a contrary influence upon the other. His affection for Lucius was, I think, great, if it found expression only in tender looks and simple terms, accompanied by some depreciation of himself. "Lucius was always clever," he would say, "whereas I was always dull. You find that in families sometimes. The elder a fool; the younger a genius. Like a pot of porter, the froth first, then the good stuff. Lucius can do anything—everything. I can do nothing—nothing. Well, yes, I can play a little. I can keep body and soul together by my playing, but not much more than that."

In truth Uncle Junius was a skilled musician: he was really learned in his art—versed in all its mysteries. He was the master of several instruments. Meanwhile, his position was humble enough. He played the French horn in the orchestra of Sadler's Wells Theatre. When that establishment closed its doors, he gladly lent his services to very inferior places of recreation. He had lately come to live with his brother in Somers-town.

"Our little girl will play," he said of Lina. "She will sing. She has an ear. She has a voice. There is music in all its notes. And she has a soul. She feels her music, it thrills through and through her, and sets her tingling to her very fingertips. And her touch—it is as light as the step of a fairy."

An old square piano in a mahogany case, with rather yellow notes—loose as the teeth of a skull—and a tendency among the hammers and wires to rattle and jangle upon light provocation, now in an upper chamber of Mr. Gridale's abode, discoursed frequent music, moved thereto by the tiny fingers of Lina.

"It should be a better instrument for Lina's sake," said Uncle Junius; "but the poor may not be particular. It is an old servant—worn and faded and broken—but it has been a good servant, and there is music in it still, if you will but think indulgently of it—plenty of music—especially to me. When I hear its thin acrid tones, I think of what they were once: my memory helps out its infirmities. Memory makes one very tender of what is gone and of what is changed."

And he sighed. There was, as I gathered subsequently, a story to be told, but not here, or by me, of certain heavy troubles that had befallen poor Uncle Junius. He was now a widower. He had been alone

many years. His wife, a singer of distinction—he had often accompanied her lovely voice upon the now decayed old piano—had quitted him under circumstances of peculiar cruelty. She had broken his heart, people said. That was not true. But she had wounded it grievously.

He often brought his French horn to practise, or to play upon, while we sat still, listening to his performances, marvelling at his skill, at the melancholy music he evoked from its hollow curvatures, the mysterious reverberations induced by the concealed movements of his hand plunged far into its brazen mouth. Nick alone was unbelieving as to the beauty of Uncle Junius's achievements. He did not like, he said, after taking a long time to make up his mind on the subject, music of that sort; it reminded him too much of the wails, and brays, and howls of the animal kind; and he hinted that, after all, Uncle Junius was not much better than a street musician. Still Nick affected to find much pleasure in Lina's performances upon the piano.

"A nice lad, a fine lad, a good-looking lad," said Junius of Nick; "but he has no music in his soul, he is without sympathies, his nervous system is not troubled by undue sensitiveness. He does not know one tune from another, one note from another. Well, he is happy, perhaps. He is spared much if he loses a good deal. It is the obtuse who succeed in life."

He played for us again. Nick had withdrawn. Lina sat on a footstool, resting her upturned face upon her hands, watching with wide-open eyes, with parted lips, each movement of Uncle Junius. When he paused, we applauded him.

He quite blushed. He was so unaccustomed to compliments, to any recognition indeed of his merits. Then he laughed and bowed to us, with the air of a performer grateful to his audience.

"But my children, I am nothing. I am nobody. If you were to hear Lucius, now—"

"But he does not play. He cannot play. He has often said so," stated Lina.

"Ah! it was to spare my feelings. It was kind of him. No, he does not play, that is true. But he could play if he chose. He is a man of genius. He has only to try and he achieves. All things are possible to Lucius. As I said, he can do anything, everything. For me, well, as you have heard, I can play, and there is an end of me."



And he resumed his French horn. He looked very strange as he played, with his puckered lips, his distended cheeks, his dreamy, half-closed eyes.

"You have music in you, my young sir," he said to me presently. "I can see it. I am sure of it. You move with the melody. You tremble and pale. Yes, and there comes over you an inclination to cry. I shall teach you as well as little Lina here. You shall both be my pupils. We will play together."

So I, too, studied under Uncle Junius, with Lina for my fellow-pupil, and thus music came to lighten somewhat the desolateness of the life I was leading.

But presently increase of perplexity befell us.

I have made mention of Norah, our faithful nurse, cook, housekeeper, attendant, and friend in every way, who had been so long in my father's service, who had been true to him, and to us, through so many changing years. Others might fall away from us, but Norah always remained true, wages or no wages; indeed, I might almost say with food or without. For her home and her abiding-place seemed to be with us. She was a member of our family; her separation from us, either by any action on her part, or on ours, was as an inconceivable and impossible thing.

Of late her services had been invaluable. She ruled and took care of us and the house in my father's absence. She provided us with our meals, and laid out with uncommon judgment the small sums from time to time entrusted to her for our maintenance.

She was a homely-looking woman, owning large bright eyes, a wholesome complexion, and a very pleasant smile; but otherwise somewhat blunt of feature and clumsy of figure. She was, I suppose, some five-and-forty years of age. She wore usually, circling her face, a large frilly cap; print-dresses, with tucked-up sleeves; and a high apron. In the street she assumed, but not invariably, a battered beaver bonnet of large dimensions, and a red plaid shawl; while from one of her fingers depended our large door-key, so weighty and substantial an object, that it almost looked like some barbarous weapon of offence in the nature of a mace or battle-axe.

"I shan't be two minutes, darlin's," she said, with a nod and a smile, as she left the house. It was about eight o'clock in the evening. She carried the key, and, in ad-

dition, a beer-jug. It was clear that she expected to be absent only a very short time—that she had designed to go but a very little way from the house. She had not assumed her bonnet or her shawl. Yet hours passed, and Norah did not return.

We were not alarmed at first. Our confidence in Norah was so great, we could not believe that any accident had happened to her. It was more credible that she had been detained by some cause reasonable enough, although, for the moment, we could not determine its nature.

Still she did not come. We agreed that it was strange; while Nick rebuked me for my readiness in setting my fancy to work, and wearying him with conjectures as to the possibilities of the case. Yet even he was moved to command silence now and then, so that he might listen for her footfall on the pavement outside; for it was growing late, and the street was very still. And presently he was standing on the doorstep, looking up and down, searching for the approaching figure of Norah.

One by one the lights went out in the windows of the neighbourhood. Little Lina had long been abed and asleep. Her chamber-window was all dark.

Norah did not come. It was not enough now to wait for her upon the door-steps. We went forth to the corners of the streets; we walked up and down in front of our house, stopping now and then to listen. We spoke but little.

I confessed to fear for the safety of Norah. Nick informed me that I was always frightening myself about something or another, and never for any good reason. Silently I began to picture what life would be like without Norah; how greatly changed everything would seem.

Nick had begun to whistle. This rather proved his anxiety than his indifference. I could see that he was uneasy, he fidgeted about on his feet, and was for ever thrusting his hands in and out of his pockets.

"You know she's sure to come home—sure to come home," he iterated and reiterated, as though by such means he made the fact more secure.

"Still it's very strange."

"I don't mind admitting that it's a little odd, if that's any comfort to you," he said.

We waited and waited.

"There's some one coming up the street now!" he cried, excitedly.

But it was not Norah.

CAN CONSTANTINOPLE BE  
DEFENDED?

If, as many people fear and anticipate, the Eastern difficulty is to proceed to its bitter end, the question with which this paper is headed will become the "burning" one of the day. But before discussing it in all its various details, it may be allowable to say something respecting a foregone conclusion which nearly all sorts and conditions of men have arrived at, respecting the war to which they look forward. On whatever else public opinion is divided, it seems to be almost received as an axiom, that should Russia and Turkey come to blows, the former will be certain to carry the day. The present writer has not only seen much of, but he has also served with the Ottoman army, and he is by no means certain that the results of a war, or, at any rate of a campaign, in what may be called the lower provinces of Turkey—that is in the districts near and approaching Constantinople—would be such as the public in general anticipates. The Turks not only fight well, but their discipline is very much better than most people who have not seen them in the field can form any idea of. They are quite as obedient to their superiors as the Russians. They are far more easily handled, and have very much more individual courage than what may be called their hereditary enemy. And if their now dormant religious feelings are appealed to, it would be far better to be their friends than their enemies. If the war which we look forward to in the East ever comes to a head, and the Ottoman leaders determine to make a religious campaign of it, there have not yet been seen in Europe the troops that, man for man, can ever face those of the Porte.

In the question as to whether Constantinople can be defended, it is requisite to bear this fact in mind. When, if ever, the flower of the Turkish army is concentrated in that triangular space between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, and that army consists, as it will do, of troops which are the most self-denying and sober in the world, the defence of the Turkish capital will be something of which authors will write with wonder in the time to come.

It is hardly needful to remind our readers that Constantinople is built upon an almost acute-angled triangle, of which one side faces the Sea of Marmora, the other the Golden Horn, and of which the

base is opposite the land. This base is at a rough guess some twenty thousand yards long, and is protected by a very old wall, about forty feet high, which dates back to the days of the Emperor Julian. The top of this wall is some five feet wide, and at intervals of one hundred yards it has towers. These towers, which were built when the wall was constructed, are high, and contain five, or six, or seven—some more and some fewer—vaulted rooms or stories. In a war of the present day these would no doubt be useless, for they were built long before artillery was invented. But, as every officer who has served in India must have seen, earthworks thrown up behind a wall of this kind can render the most simple defences nearly, if not quite, impervious to cannon-shot, which would merely bury itself in the earth. And apart from this, it should be noted that to render these defences all that could be desired, no material would have to be brought from any distance. It is there already to the engineers' hands. English engineer officers have lately surveyed these walls, and noted down what would be needed for their defence. Their opinion is that in less than a month this wall might easily be lowered, earthworks might be constructed behind it, and the whole of this part of the defences might be made perfectly impervious to the largest siege-guns that could be brought against it. The great wall is, and has been for many long years, in a great state of dilapidation; very large fragments of it have fallen here and there. The towers, of which there must have been at one time nearly two hundred, have come down by the score. But these would form no obstacle to perfecting the defence of the place. In such places as have resisted the effects of time, the stones and mortar have become almost like solid rock. In Von Moltke's well-known work on The Russian in Bulgaria and Rumelia, in 1828-29, which was first translated into English so long ago as 1854, that well-known authority on all military matters says of this wall that "at a distance of fifteen or twenty paces in front of the main wall is a lower one with small towers, and outside that a dry ditch, from ten to fifteen feet deep, with a faced scarp and counter-scarp. The great wall extends for seventeen thousand paces more on the side towards the harbour and the sea, and is defended by three hundred towers in all. Immense fragments of the wall have

fallen, and lie on the ground unbroken, but there is no regular breach on the side towards the land. In those parts which have remained standing, the stones and mortar have hardened, in the course of fourteen centuries, to the consistency of solid rock, and the whole is overgrown with gigantic ivy." In the East things change but little. What the German veteran wrote of Constantinople when he was only a major in the Prussian army might be repeated now.

The lofty battlements, of which mention has been made above, are visible from a distance of at least four miles. But this fact would hardly tell in favour of those who attempted to invade the place. To quote again from Von Moltke's work: "Although the lofty battlements are visible from a distance of four or five miles off, on the approach within cannon-shot range the wall completely disappears behind a thick wood of cypresses, which covers the extensive graveyards of the Moslems. It would be very difficult," continues the same author, "to batter breaches in it, especially with field-artillery; the effect produced by mortars would likewise be but trifling, as a space of more than one thousand paces behind the wall is occupied entirely by gardens. The actual city, which is chiefly inhabited by Moslems, does not begin for a whole mile within the walls, at the gigantic mosque of Sultan Mahmoud. The Seraglio, which stands upon the extreme point of land, is surrounded by massive walls and towers, and forms a strong citadel against the town, and the ancient cyclobion at the southern extremity of the landward wall affords a safe redoubt, with towers eighty feet high, and extremely thick. Five gates, protected by double towers, are open in the wall on the landward side, and a sixth is bricked up. The centre gate, which the Turks call Top Kapu, or Gate of Artillery, and the Greeks the Gate of St. Romanus, is the same that Mahmoud Gari bombarded with his large cannon, and before which Constantine Palæologus fell."

So much then for the material defence of Constantinople. We all know that to defend a fortified place three things are requisite—fortifications, men, and guns. As regards the first of these, it is evident that the Turk is more advanced than the world in general gives him credit for. As regards the second of the three—the men by whom the defence would be

worked and sustained—it must be plain to all who reflect on the subject, that they would not be wanting in either numbers or quality. The resources of the Porte are almost unlimited as regards human food for powder. Let the cry once go forth from Stamboul that the Sultan needs the help of all followers of the Prophet, and the difficulty will be not where men can be obtained, but how to restrain them from flocking even from far-off India to the Holy Standard.

Moreover—and this would be no small point in the game, if the Ottoman Government were to decide upon fighting it out to the last before the walls of Constantinople—the Russian soldiers are perhaps the worst in the world at any work where dash and daring are required, as must be the case if a siege has to be brought to a successful termination. On the other hand, Turkish soldiers can easily be worked up into a kind of almost delirious bravery, which, if it only lasts a short time, serves admirably to make sorties and dashes at the enemy's works and men. The history of the siege of Kara will hardly be forgotten by those who remember the newspaper reports of the Crimean days. And it should be remembered that in the event of Constantinople having to be defended, the Turks will be able to keep themselves provisioned from the sea.

"The easiest approach to the walls of Constantinople," says Von Moltke, in the work from which we have already quoted, "is across the ground which lies between the brook Topjilar and the harbour. The hill, which falls with a rapid slope towards the latter and the open suburb of Eyooob, would favour a covered advance at this point. But at the foot of the hill, about a mile in advance of the landward wall, is a huge building five hundred feet long, three hundred wide, and flanked by lofty towers. This is the barrack of Ramis-tchiflik, built to contain some five thousand or six thousand men. In front of it are some badly-traced lines of intrenchment, which were thrown up on the first intelligence that the Russians had crossed the Balkan.\* Three thousand paces farther towards the left, on the high road to Adrianople, stands a still larger turreted edifice, in the midst of the well-known plain of

\* This has been changed since 1845, when Von Moltke wrote. The barracks of Ramis-tchiflik have been greatly enlarged, and could now contain ten thousand men; and in front of the barracks are strong intrenchments.

Daoud Pasha, where, for three centuries, the Janissaries assembled before taking the field. From this spot marched the armies which conquered Hungary, threatened Vienna, and penetrated even into Styria. After the destruction of the Janissaries, Sultan Mahmoud built a barrack for eight thousand of his newly-raised Nizam-jeditt\* on this spot. The barracks contain a mosque, a bath, and a kiosk for the Sultan, and measure eight hundred paces in the front. These enormous barracks—beyond comparison the largest buildings in Constantinople, not excepting even the mosques and palaces—form as it were detached forts in connection with the large and massive Hasta Kane, or hospital, situated between them, and afford an excellent support for the wing of a large army, which might encamp in safety between them and the landward wall. Some well-constructed trenches would render it extremely difficult to attack an army strongly backed by the resources of so large a city. Neither is there any want upon these heights of the water so indispensable to a Turkish corps, as the great conduits which supply Constantinople itself run right under both barracks, through subterranean channels, and bring water in abundance."

So much then for what the greatest military authority of the day calls "the easiest approach to the walls of Constantinople." Should the place ever be attacked from this side, victory or defeat will no doubt depend very much, if not altogether, upon the quantity and quality of the artillery brought to bear on either one side or the other. And it is in this very arm that the Turks have so much improved of late years, as to be quite on a par with almost any European army. For not only has the Porte kept pace with other nations as regards the making of heavy ordnance, but in some respects it has even gone ahead of other countries. All its artillery officers have been thoroughly well educated—some at Vienna, others in France, and not a few in England. There is also an excellent artillery school at Constantinople; and neither science nor expense has been spared in the cannon foundries, which are all under European supervision, and are also at the capital itself. The only drawback to these establishments is that they are situated in the quarter of Con-

stantinople which it would be the most difficult to defend; namely, in the suburb which is at the foot of the steep slope to the mouth of the harbour, called Galata. But even this difficulty could be easily obviated. To begin with, the Turkish fleet is in excellent order, and under no probable circumstances can we imagine an attack being made from seaward upon Constantinople. And, again, speaking of these very Government establishments, viz. the arsenal, the dockyards, the cannon foundry, and the gun manufactory, Von Moltke says: "The approaches on this side might, however, be defended without difficulty; and supposing the Sultan had only a few thousand men left in the field, and they were threatened by land both on the west and on the north, he might leave Constantinople to defend her own landward front, and draw up his little army on the plateau to the north of Pera. The advanced guard might take up a very favourable position on the grip at the port Sindchirlikuju, on the high road to Bujukdereh; the front would not be more than one thousand paces in length, and easily defended by temporary earthworks; both wings would rest on deep rocky ravines. The entrances into "the Vale of Sweet Waters" are few and difficult, and might easily be guarded by special outposts. In order to attack this position in front, the invaders would have to cross the valley of the rivers Cydaris and Barbyzes, passable only by means of bridges, and would be separated from the main body by a distance of ten miles, and many very difficult passes. Such a corps would be in great danger of being surprised by the Turks from Eyoob, and it would have to be provisioned from Khilos or Derkos on the Black Sea. Rather greater numbers and some resolution would enable the Turks to intrench themselves, with great advantage, on the narrow tongue of land to the west of the village of Kahathaneh."

In the East the world moves very much slower than it does with us in England. What Constantinople was in 1828, it is, with few unimportant changes, in 1877. Within the last few years the localities of which Von Moltke wrote nearly half a century ago have been surveyed by more than one officer of the English engineer corps, and the reports given upon the facilities of defence which the Turkish capital enjoys, are almost a repetition of what the great German general said about them in the

\* "Nizam-jeditt," regular troops, or regular regiments.



work from which we have more than once quoted. In fact, Constantinople seems almost made by nature to sustain the siege of an enemy. There is hardly in the world a town of anything like the same size, where water can be had in greater abundance. The wells within the town are few in number, and the water they contain is bitter and unfit for use. But the Greek emperors endeavoured to supply this first necessity of life by cutting large canals which conveyed water a distance of twenty miles into enormous rock basins which can be filled in times of peace and could supply the city in case of a siege. These magnificent works of olden days have, however, in many instances been allowed to decay, as indeed the Turks but too often allow everything to do. But so long as the city is only attacked by land, good water can be got in abundance from the magnificent springs on the Asiatic shore, from Scutari, Tchamlidje, Kara Kulak, and the inexhaustible springs of Sultanieh, close to the seashore, at which whole fleets take in their supplies. In the matter of provisions the city is still better off. So long as the Turks remain masters of the Sea of Marmora, they will have at their command cattle, sheep, wheat, wine, vegetables, and fruit, more than enough to feed the whole population as well as the garrison of the place, no matter how numerous the latter may be. Then, again, the plains of Broussa, as fertile as any in the world, can be kept in constant communication with the capital by the port of Mudania. From the sea also there is an almost endless supply of excellent fish. The only thing that could prevent this abundant supply of food would be the event of communication being cut off by an enemy's fleet between the capital and Scutari. And should such be the case there would be little or no need to think of any supplies at all, for the game would be up, and Constantinople would be at the mercy of her enemy. But, even if a hostile fleet appear in the Hellespont, it would hardly be able to cut off the communications between Constantinople and Scutari and the coast of Asia. "The Bosphorus between the two towns is only eighteen hundred and fifty paces wide," remarks Von Moltke, "and is completely commanded by the lofty shore of the Seraglio;" and his conclusions, in common with those of every English engineer who has inspected it this year is, that in order to invest Constantinople completely, "it would be necessary to have

two armies in Europe; a third in Asia, and a fleet in the Sea of Marmora." As a matter of course, the latter could only take place if the Turkish fleet was destroyed, and either the approach to the capital by the Dardanelles or the Bosphorus was forced. But, as we have said before, the Turkish navy is in excellent order, is commanded by an officer of the British navy, of considerable experience and of great energy. More than once has the Hon. Captain Hobart—better known as Hobart Pasha—declared that he would not fear the consequences of meeting the Russian fleet, even if the advantage of the number of guns were on the side of the latter. Moreover, for many reasons, it is more than unlikely that the Russians would ever engage in a naval warfare with Turkey. The channel called the Dardanelles, is, as we all know, some twenty miles long, and has a mean breadth of two and a half to three miles from side to side. A very small amount of forethought would arm and man the numerous batteries on each coast; not, perhaps, sufficiently strongly to make them independent of a fleet, but quite enough to allow them to help the latter very materially. Even supposing that the Turkish ships were not there, no hostile vessel could possibly run the gauntlet without immense loss and great damage. It is true that Admiral Duckworth forced the straits in 1807; but the defences were then in the most wretched condition; and, bad as they were, the fleet suffered immense injury. It is true that the last seventy years has—what with steam and ironclads—brought about a complete revolution in naval warfare. But still, in the estimation of the best sailors of the day, a successful passage of a hostile fleet through the Dardanelles would be all but impossible. Now, always supposing the Turkish fleet to exist as it now is, would it be likely that any attempt to reach the capital through the Bosphorus would be more successful? With common precaution, and by using the means they have at hand, Turkish artillery could defend the heights between which the Bosphorus winds, like a very broad river, from point to point. The only places where an enemy's ships could have any chance of success would be near the Sea of Marmora, where, perhaps, the debarkation of troops would be easier than elsewhere. But before arriving there the fleet would have had to pass through a series of difficulties, to which even those to be met

with in the Dardanelles would appear as nothing.

In calculating the probable result of a war, it is necessary to look back, and see what those, who are likely to take part in it, have done under similar circumstances. As regards the Turkish troops, it is impossible to deny that in all their late campaigns they have not only behaved well, but that, in spite of the most disheartening circumstances, they have carried their point. A defence of Constantinople would bring out all the best qualities of the Ottoman troops. Orientals never show so well as when fighting behind stone walls. Military engineers, who have recently reported upon the chances of the Turkish capital being besieged, say that it would take an army of at least a hundred and fifty thousand men to invest the place properly; but that twenty thousand men could hold it for a very long time. And it must be taken into calculation that, even were the Turks to maintain two or three strong armies in the field during the siege, the twenty thousand might be renewed again and again. Nor must it be forgotten that, as yet, we have not seen, or have seen very partially, the arousing of Moslem fanaticism. Those who recollect the Indian mutiny, and, still more, those who took a part in that fearful war of race against race, can form some idea of what the feelings of Mohammedans throughout the world would be if the great centre of their faith is attacked. Let us hope that humanity will be spared the sight of such a war, and particularly of such a siege. The zeal with which men rushed to take part in the Crusades during the Middle Ages, would be as nothing when compared to the feelings caused by a siege of Constantinople by unbelievers.

Von Moltke is of opinion that, if ever Russia invades Turkey again, she will, in all probability, enter Bulgaria with a very much larger force than she did in 1828. "If," he observes, "the (Russian) army were to cross the Danube, at Hirsova, with a real effective force of a hundred and twenty thousand men, to invest Silistria with twenty thousand; Varna, with a like number; and to place thirty thousand in observation before Shumla, it is not altogether impossible that the remaining fifty thousand men, based upon the seaports of the Black Sea, might at once cross the Balkan. But, then, it is by no means certain that Adrianople would again fall into their hands

without resistance; and, at any rate, the final decision of the question must at last take place under those ancient walls which delayed the fall of the Lower Roman Empire for a whole century."

Much as we might like to think otherwise, it is to be feared that, in this last sentence, the German general is right.

## LEARNING TO COOK WITH THE POOR.

IN FIVE PARTS. PART V. GOING TO MARKET.

It was quite clear, by this time, that ignorance of cooking could not be set down as the sole, or chief, cause of the poor's poor feeding. An absolute skill in cooking had been discovered. It was equally clear it was not blind heedlessness, waste, extravagance. A rigid economy had been found; with a very fair power to adapt and to forecast. Why, then, have the poor to suffer so many privations, such a mass of inconvenience? Why have they perpetually to "do without;" to manage; to exercise an adjustment of expenditure, requiring positive genius to effect it successfully, and a long course of experience for its fit development? Parisina had to ruminate long before she could come to any safe conclusion.

"Let us postpone judgment," she said, at length. "I am positively giddy and bewildered, with the depth and the breadth of what we have been looking into. I see such intricacy; such divers causes; and so many! We will see the poor at market, as the last out-look needful; by that, some new light may come. Let us be off."

In a poor neighbourhood, therefore, at a busy hour of the morning, behold us quietly watching.

"What'll you have? Come along!" cried, cheerily, a particularly cheery and fine young butcher, from the midst of his well-filled shop. "Scrag, do you say? All right. Sell you one at five a pound. Big one. Choose where you like."

Choice required anxious hesitation and deliberation, however; required earnest employment of much sight, much touch, and smell. During the selection there was a brisk fire of minor sales.

"Penn'orth of liver, my dear? Here you are. Four of pieces, Billy? Come on. Half-a-pound breast of mutton? Fourpence; all right. Sheep's head? Good sheep's head this morning, sixpence; here. How much for that heart? Fourpence; and a nice one; thank you. Pound and a

half of clod of beef? Here; shilling the lot. Half-a-pound bullock's liver? This way; three halfpence. Six penn'orth muton-chops. In one big, or two small? Piece of steak, thick and fat, come to fourpence?"—mimicking a child who asked to the letter, just as she had been told, as children will. "And four penn'orth cheap pieces?"—mimicking again, but kind withal, and cheery still.

"Got any tender steak?" was his echo, the next moment, of the inquiry of a shrewd woman, nice and natty-looking and young—and he shall be called Mr. Cheery, as the best name for him. "Course I've got tender steak! Always have, haven't I? Now, ma'am, pound and a half sixpenny pieces? Wait for your change, then. Two pounds of ninepenny? Here you are; cheap; much obliged. Now then! Let's have your money, if you've got any! Don't go away and take it with you! How much does that scrag-end weigh? Pound and nine ounces, nine and a half; that's the money; all right. And how much that lot? Threepence, if you clear it all out; and do; it'll make you a nice little bit of a fry."

The purchasers were all very poor; the purchases were all very poor, to match, as will have been observed. The significance in the matter was, that these preparations for cooking exactly tallied with the cookings that had been seen. This was another locality, with another set of people, of other trades; yet custom was still running high on heads, and hearts, and livers; and pieces, alias block-ornaments, were in full demand. If prejudice exists, too, against these ornaments, let it be removed. They were thoroughly good shoulders and other joints; chopped up vigorously by Mr. Cheery, and tossed triumphantly into his emptying trays, at any chance "wait" that gave him the available time. Meanwhile the buyers handled, and picked, and thumbed, and turned. They were limited as to money, poor souls, they were not limited as to liking; they aimed at buying what would fit both idea and price. Alas, they were wrong often; in spite of long instruction. Mr. Cheery had an instance of it when a selection out of the fivepenny tray was brought in by a thin old woman, and laid by her in the scales.

"Three-and-a-half this lot," he cried; meaning that they came to threepence halfpenny. Then, as they did come to three-and-a-half, they could not be afforded;

out of their smallness even, something must be taken, and was taken, till the remainder was reduced to half a pound precisely, and came to a penny less.

"Want a nice chop to make up?" Mr. Cheery cried, repeating the demand of a happier buyer who had not chosen quite enough. "And three of steak, separate? Here they all are; nicely. Four of steak, and you want it tender? Very good; money; thanks. And three of tender steak, and ha'porth of lights?"—again in feigned shrill treble to imitate a child. "Here you are, little one; runaway. And four of steak, ma'am? Yes. And two threes of steak was it, please, for you?"

It was; and the two threes were rapidly sliced off, weighed, and handed over.

"Ah," Mr. Cheery said, having, at last, brief leisure for explanation, "most of those threes and fours of steak get cooked under the laundry-stoves. One girl, this morning, had fourteen threes. Yes; for fourteen different women, who'd have got her to get them for them, and who'd cook them in their dinner-hour. Are they married women most?" With a smile. "Ah! Only they go out to wash, you see; they can earn ten or twelve shillings a week at that; and there they are."

"But have they any children?" Parisina asked vehemently.

"Children?" The smile broke out again, and this time with something of contempt in it. "Ah, plenty! Only they have to stay in the streets, and have to shift for themselves mostly. Do you suppose there'd be so many accidents—run over, broken legs, and arms, and so on—if it was different? I know better! Not a bit!"

"Then," Parisina cried, rather as if working out a problem aloud, than as wishing to get quickly to the demonstration, "it can't be well for wives and mothers to go to work, can it? Wouldn't it be better for them to attend to home-duties, and stay at home?"

"Why, of course!" coincided Mr. Cheery with ready conviction. "For when the husbands come home at twelve o'clock for their dinner-hour, there's no fire, and no nothing; and, just like the youngsters, they have to shift the best they can!"

"And can that be comfortable? Can that help to keep them from public-houses, and satisfied with their homes?"

Mr. Cheery was amused. "Comfortable!" he echoed. "And the public-house! Whew!"

"You see," went on Parisina's open-air

meditations, "it depends upon how much the husbands earn. If a man is only getting five-and-twenty shillings a week, I can scarcely see—"

"Ah, but these get thirty-eight," interrupted Mr. Cheery, "and forty-one and six, those weeks they work on Sundays, which they must do, off and on, each turn and turn. For it's gasworks round about here chiefly; and what would even churches and chapels themselves do, if they didn't get their gas on Sundays?"

This was touching the Sabbatarian question, on which there could be no entrance; Parisina being amply, and resolutely, occupied with her own. "But even with two sovereigns," she said, pityingly, "especially when one thinks of boots and shoes, and clothes, there must be great temptation to earn a little more; and—"

The argument had to be postponed, though. Mr. Cheery had become suddenly involved in a new access of business.

"Ah, you're a nice old lady!" his commercial badinage ran. "Wanting things for next to nothing, or a little lower. Come? Why don't you have a scrag? and cook it with some peas?"

The "nice old lady" gave a short parry. "Where are the peas to come from?" she asked, defiantly.

"Why, your old man ought to bring you some home from market," cried Mr. Cheery. "He's a greengrocer. Ah! Morning, sir. Pound and a half of tripe, sir? Yes, sir. Penn'orth of suet, my little dear? Make your pudding nicely, there's a good girl. Pound of steak? Yes; weighs pound and two ounces, and comes to a shilling. Three of pieces, young lady? Here you are. And what are you making a fuss about, eh? It's because there's a bit of fat, is it? You're all alike as far as I can see! And there," Mr. Cheery added, in a well-thrown aside, "the poorer they are, the less they like fat, and that I can declare!"

The scene changed. There was a clear-lighted, clean-scrubbed shop a few doors away from Mr. Cheery, in the midst, of course, the same requirements and the same society. Cooked meats were sold there; such meats being hot at noon precisely, and being subject then, and for forty or fifty minutes thereafter, to a brisk attack. The next actors to be observed held their performance there; and held it busily.

"Quarter of the mutton, please," cried the first of them. "Penn'orth peas; penn'orth p'tatoes."

"Half of the boiled pork," succeeded. "Penn'orth peas - pudding; penn'orth greens."

"I'll have pork too," was next. "And penn'orth pudding and greens, between them."

"Ha'porth of p'tatoes," piped a child; and had it, with nothing more.

"Two ounces of the heart; ha'porth each peas-pudding, greens, potatoes; and don't forget stuffing and the gravy," came next, and this order was followed by demands for a quarter of the heart, alone; for two ounces of the heart, and a ha'porth each of two vegetables; for two ounces of the mutton; for two ounces of the pork; for a quarter of the pork; for a quarter of the mutton; for a ha'porth of peas-pudding; for a quarter of the heart; for a whole eager series, till the din was no little confounding, and willow plates and yellow basins seemed to gyrate in a giddy whirl.

"How much the mutton, please?" was asked, with longing eyes. "Any greens left, missus?" with much disappointment at the hearing that all the greens were gone. "Got a mite of salt?" with a yellow basin, acting as a giant salt-cellar, good-naturedly handed up, and a sprinkling of the salt showered down upon two ounces of hot heart lying in a paper wrap.

Then a boy cried out watchfully, "Lean!" bringing the remark from the pleasant hostess, "What a one you are to have it lean!"—bringing the remembrance, too, of Mr. Cheery's commentary as to the dislike his clients had to fat. Then a thin old hag, with a shawl drawn over her head, moaned out, "Twopence for two ounces!" and had to go out of the shop unmeated, since her earnings—or her beggings—had not brought her enough to have that small price to spare. A fine young man, marching firmly in, straight up to where the dish of roasted shoulder of mutton was lying handily by the clean delf scales, had his own method. He caught hold of the dismembered knuckle-bone, hot and greasy as it was,—he asked, "How much that bit?" and held it high. It became his property; for the master said he should have it for twopence half-penny—he was willing to give twopence halfpenny—he threw the coppers down, had a piece of paper handed to him, and walked away.

Two young women had some pleasant management about them. Each bought two ounces of roast heart, a ha'porth of new potatoes, a ha'porth of peas-pudding; each



hired a yellow basin, leaving "twopence on the basin," as it was technically called, to be faithfully reconquered when the basin was returned; and, as one of them carried a half-quartern loaf, it was easy to suppose they might make together a comfortable meal.

"All the women back to work yet?" asked the hostess of them as they turned to go.

"No," said one; whilst they both shook their heads, shrugged up their shoulders, and smiled. "Not half. They're not done holidaying yet; and it makes it ever so bad for the little 'uns; for the women can do with a drink of beer, but what's the use of beer to the poor children?"

To which an illustration came at that moment, aptly. Two "little 'uns," a girl and a boy, entered, in scarcely more than their seventh or eighth year, in rags, in dirt, in but one lightenment of their poverty—good-fellowship. They spent twopence farthing as a grand total, divided into three items—a penny, three farthings, a halfpenny. The penny was for peas-pudding; the three farthings were for a cold faggot; the halfpenny was for a nice heaped-up spoonful of cherry-sized new potatoes. Poor little children! They had a basin between them, which one held up; they had the blessing of ready pity and sympathy, for the kind hostess ladled them some nice hot gravy into this same basin gratis, letting it fall deftly over the whole of their poor purchase. And they went out with what they evidently thought a sumptuous dinner, and with eyes and gesture that showed they were very glad.

And in this way it was found that all went on. There were black-puddings a penny each; there were saveloys, hot at night, and still only a penny; there were penny pies and twopenny pies, of pork, of veal, of ham; there were basins of pea-soup, a penny a basin, twopence a basin, according to size; there were stewed eels in twopennyworths; beef-steak puddings twopence each; spiced beef rolls, collar'd heads, cold meats of the ordinary kind, all at so much a pound, and to be had in the small quantity of two ounces. Inquiring farther afield, yet more information was obtained. Chitterlings, it was discovered, are sold at fourpence a pound, are soaked, cleansed, and gently boiled with onions and butter-sauce; tripe-cuttings, twopence halfpenny and threepence, are fried with bacon; pigs' fry, sixpence, is served with sage and onions; sheep's brains are fried and chopped up fine;

bullocks' reeds, fourpence a pound, are stewed, as are sheep's reeds, a penny a piece; bullocks' honeycombs, sixpence, are stewed in milk. As condiments to these, and to help them out, there are penny bottles of capers, and of ketchup, and of Harvey's sauce; pennyworths of pickles; pennyworths of fat for the fry; pennyworths of all such uncooked vegetables as onions, radishes, cress, lettuce, and the like. Dripping, in the localities where these may be noted, is of universal sale; so is jam, for lading out in half-pounds, or three ha'porths; so is marmalade. The children who swarm about where these tempting delicacies are displayed, are won over to lay out their chance coppers (a farthing's-worth being quite recognised) in portions of sweets named, alluringly, Boyton's belts, Weston's wonderful American walking balls, Shah's nuggets, royal wedding mixture, queen's bread, Prince of Wales's cattle, stickjaw, harmless serpents (with sugarplum eyes); titles that, in their enticement, enabled Parisina easily to understand how appetite is cloyed and checked; how "little 'uns" are kept satisfied with odd bits, in spare quantities, at irregular times; how "little 'uns," at last, lose health and strength; and how fever-hospitals are filled. Then—for Parisina would pursue inquiry, whilst pursuit was possible—it was found that there are many and many people in London who never buy food at all. They plant themselves (and will let no inducement uproot them) in the very core of the apple of the eye of the metropolis; where the air is thick with endowments, and charities, alms, grants, crumbling old churchwardens' legacies, and gifts; where the air is thick, too, with clubs and hotels and dining-rooms; and by presenting themselves at a stipulated place, at a stipulated hour, daily, with a basin, a jug, a cloth, these people can get quite as much broken food as will keep them. The needs of some of them cannot be quite so desperate as might be feared; for, at one of the charities (in a dense place too) on the days that royalty passes through the City, no applicants present themselves; they can, one and all, do without the customary food to go and stand in the crowd. But these are not the genuine working-classes; they are far enough away from them; and from the genuine working-classes (men, women, children, even babes) Parisina had no wish to swerve.

"It seems to me," she cried, and as she cried she sighed, "that the people we have

been to, are just as if they were people at a perpetual picnic, where everybody has forgotten the corkscrew, where nothing is ever suited to its purpose, where something has always to be substituted for some other, where all is shift and 'scrimmage,' and scramble. And yet," she added, looking rueful, "at a picnic, people are furnished with dainties and delicacies, routine and method only being absent; but our poor friends have to put up with scraps and bits, with never absolutely enough at the best, and sometimes next to nothing at all! Picnic-folks, too, know that everything will soon be squared, and all inconveniences gone; but will this squaring, this time for the thrusting in of forgotten corkscrews into the hamper of my poor people, be a time that will ever come?"

Parisina was fanciful, possibly; but her meaning was clear. She wanted suitable fireplaces for the poor (which could be easily set, in existing dwellings); she wanted efficient water-supply, and efficient accommodation for carrying used water off. Suitable dwellings, too, were of course all-important. New houses of the right kind were absolutely being built; but the building new houses did not seem, to Parisina, to take the place of the necessity of making healthily habitable all the houses that are already built now. Taking the suitable-stove question alone, there are miles and miles of small streets existing in London, that will always be in London; there are miles and miles of small houses existing in these streets; there are miles and miles again of still smaller homes existing in these houses; and a very short Act of Parliament rendering compulsory, in these, the substitution of proper for improper stoves, would confer deep benefit upon a full million of people living in them. It is hard for the lower stratum of the working-class to get food; it is doubly hard, when they have got it, that they should be circumscribed in the manner of cooking it, by the bad construction and insufficient size, of their lodging-stove; and though this might not be a very large conclusion for Parisina to have arrived at, it was safe, it was sure, there was a remedy for it, and the remedy was simple, possible, and cheap. For the rest, for the fact that women ought always to be at home, doing home-work—their homes, their husbands, their children, ever under their watchful care—it involved the question of men's wages (with the present high prices of rent and food) being insufficient to permit

of it; and Parisina had to let it go. She could theorise, she could propound; but as for the cure, it was not close at hand, it was not to be done at a stroke, and Parisina felt awed by the magnitude of it, felt deep pity for the need of it, and could only sigh.

But because steps must be small, and progress must be slow, should Parisina stop? Is there not a fable that teaches better wisdom?

#### COLUMBINE ON CAMELBACK.

"... AND in case, ladies and gentlemen, you should hear a few shrieks behind the scenes, pray don't be in the least alarmed. You see, with something like seven hundred people employed, chiefly women and children, and mixed up in a very small space with a large number of horses, camels, and elephants, somebody is sure to come to grief now and then. But there is not the slightest danger—to the audience."

From which assurance, amiably offered by a smiling gentleman, in an immaculate white tie, to myself and a few thousands more of Her Majesty's subjects, closely packed last Boxing-night from floor to ceiling of dear old "Astley's," I, as a member of the audience, derive extreme satisfaction. How it may sound in the ears of a member of the sacrificial "mixture," waiting to be offered up for our edification behind the scenes, is perhaps another question. As I paddle homewards through the rain and snow, it strikes me that that scene "behind the scenes" might not, perhaps, be the least interesting part of the performance. So, after a few precautionary measures—such as insuring my life, making my will, and arranging for a nice bed, ready aired, at St. Thomas's, over the way—I make due application to Messrs. Sanger, and after satisfying them of my integrity of purpose, am courteously admitted for the nonce to the freedom of stage and ring.

The performance has not yet commenced, and the great stage is darkened and comparatively deserted. But it is not altogether a desert by any means. In the centre of the temporary circus, which during pantomime-time has taken the place of the normal arena, and where a circle of doormats, with a centre of coconut-matting, ingeniously represent the more orthodox tan and sawdust, a party of ladies of the ballet are diligently prac-

tising under the guidance of a gentleman, whose agile and delicate movements, as he illustrates from time to time the precise steps required, contrast quaintly with his billycock hat and huge top-coat. At the low parapet which surmounts it is seated another group, some laughing and chatting, some stitching diligently, some munching steadily at apples or biscuits, or good stout sandwiches. For we have two performances a day at Astley's, and only those of us who live close by can make the time for a run home between the termination of the first, at a little after five, and the commencement of the second, at seven. So most of us stay and make a picnic of it somewhere about, never leaving the theatre from half-past one in the afternoon to half-past eleven or so at night. As a rule, however, we take our refreshment in the comparative seclusion of our dressing-room. Here, for instance, in one of the droll little wooden boxes, say four feet by six, dignified in theatrical parlance by that lofty designation, sits Dr. Lemuel Gulliver, recruiting, after the fatigues of his just-completed voyage, by the aid of a Brobdingnagian steak and a by no means Lilliputian pot of stout. In the next, a nondescript gentleman, with an abnormal tendency to the development of black wool and red foil in unexpected parts of his countenance and person, is refreshing the inner demon with a modicum of gin-and-water. In a third, a tall and shapely young sprite, whose stage toilette apparently consists of a bath in the gum-bottle and a roll in a paper of spangles, has judiciously modified the draughtiness of her costume by the addition of a handsome fur-lined cloak, and sits sipping her tea like any ordinary mortal. From behind the closed door, on the top of yonder ladder-like staircase, comes a babel as of forty parish schools chattering like one. Round the corner I stumble over a couple of little brats of five or six, seated side by side upon the carcase of a huge "property" turkey, amicably discussing a lump of bread in alternate bites.

And so I steer my way carefully among the groups of noisy young rascals—who are playing leap-frog, and hide-and-seek, and so forth among the "cut woods," and "borders," and golden fountains, and triumphal chariots, and laughing to scorn the occasional fruitless raids of a mad-dened master carpenter, whose hopes of happiness in this world and the next

depend on having his machinery and "props" in apple-pie order for the rapidly-approaching performance—and find myself at the door of the familiar old greenroom, where the armless torsos of sundry decayed giants, relics probably of some bygone pantomime, keep grim watch out of their eyeless sockets. They make no opposition to my entrance, however; on the contrary, if the grin upon their obsolete countenances may be taken as any index of their views, are rather pleased than otherwise at my intrusion upon their privacy. For the greenroom is deserted and desolate, filled almost to the doorway with palm-branches and banners, and hot pokers, and such like gear; and in one corner is a little heap of dirt. I am retiring with a mental remark as to the inappropriateness of the locality as a deposit for stage sweepings, when it occurs to me that perhaps it is not a little heap of dirt after all. Indeed, on reflection, it hardly can be, for it is eating bread and butter.

Apparently the—whatever it is—takes me for a stage-manager, or a super-master, or some other awful functionary, charged with the instant execution of all small non-descripts found trespassing in forbidden places; for it scrambles hastily to its little feet, claps its hands, bread and butter and all, behind its back, and stands confessed a ragged little mite, some three years old.

"I'se a 'orrior," it replies, to the not unnatural question, "What on earth are you?"

"A what?" I ask again, rather more in the dark than before.

"A 'orrior." And the mite straightens itself up, brings its tiny arms to its side, "carries" its slice of bread and butter as though it were a broadsword five feet long, and looks a warrior every quarter of an inch. Then, quite satisfied that so unintelligent an individual as myself cannot possibly be any sort of stage functionary, my Lilliputian squats itself down again, and applies itself steadily to the consumption of its broadsword once more.

Happily my pockets are filled with store of sugar, for the benefit of the four-footed members of the company, and a lump of this universal solvent speedily reinstates me, if not in the respect of my small interlocutor, at all events in her good graces. And then I learn that I am, indeed, in no undistinguished presence. My "orrior," it appears, is leader of a band of 'orriors, much like herself, but inferior in that they are bigger. Tiny

mites they all are, as I discover afterwards by personal inspection of them on parade. But my particular mite is " 'titled of 'em all," and in right of this exceeding littleness enjoys the privilege of marching at their head, and is proud accordingly. Not too proud, however; quite ready to confide to me her artless little story. How she lives in a 'tittle court just down by the 'iver. How father and mother was most d'owned last night when the 'iver came rushing up through the drains into their half-subterranean abode, and how baby is to have a noo f'ock, and father a tumforter, and she herself a pair of boots, out of the little pocketful of pence she earns every week in the honourable service of King Sanger, of Lilliput. And then the fiddles begin to tune up, and my mite bolts the last mouthful of bread and butter, and scuttles off, to get across the stage before the curtain goes up, and she is cut off.

For myself, I am a mere looker-on, and have ample leisure on hand, so I beguile the time by a visit to the stables, and soon find myself face to face with a score or so of elephants. Babies, most of them; little bigger—from an elephantine point of view—than the small warrior from whom I have just parted. The biggest, however, stands about eight feet high, and is afflicted with that peculiar desponding restlessness which seems, in captive state at all events, to mark the stage of elephantine hobble-dehoyhood. From side to side his great head wobbles unceasingly, the limp trunk swinging loosely from it like a lady's "suivez-moi" out of curl. He knows his name, however, and lazily opening one little round eye, speedily realises the idea of sugar. In a moment his knees straighten, his head abandons its wobbling movement, and he applies himself to the degustation of lump after lump, with as sprightly an air as he could have worn in his own native jungle. When no more is to be had he looks at me for a moment with an intense air of inquiry, for another moment with an air of equally intense disgust, then, without the smallest pause of transition, drops his trunk, shuts up his little eyes, releases his big knees, and resumes the discontented wobble to and fro, as though he had never been awake or satisfied in his life. On my way out I offer a lump to one of the babies, and am instantly beset by a score or so of moist india-rubber importunities, catching hold of my hands, nuzzling at my sides and shoulders, fumbling at my buttons, poking inquiringly into my pockets, till I set up a little "sauve qui peut" on my own

account, and make my escape into the next stable, where the row of Lilliputian ponies is standing, ready saddled, for the grand entrée.

Few things are more striking to the strange visitor than the philosophy with which your true circus horse will bear the being pushed into a space hardly big enough for a non-professional house-dog. Pack a set of ordinary carriage-horses as these handsome cream-coloured fellows are packed night and day, and I wonder how many sound legs you would find in the morning. I observe, in passing, on the good temper which seems the special mark of the professional quadruped, and suppose that they never keep a vicious animal. "Oh yes," replies my cicerone, "we get one sometimes. Now there's old Bob, the big white pony there, he's as spiteful a little beggar as ever you see;" which, as the only possible means of exit from our present position consists in squeezing between the spiteful little beggar's heels and the opposite wall of the stall, is not altogether cheerful hearing. However, there's nothing to be done, so I propitiate Robert with a lump of sugar. He accepts the tribute graciously, and I emerge on the other side unlicked. I am afraid, however, the moral effect of my time-serving procedure has been anything but satisfactory upon the other inmates of the stalls. A circus pony understands English as well as you or I do, and as we depart the dozen or two of little creams and piebalds, who stand cheek by jowl with Robert of evil reputation, are whispering one to another with some eagerness. Let us trust they are not discussing the advantages, from a saccharine point of view, of earning for themselves an evil reputation as spiteful little beggars.

And now the eventful moment has arrived, and the grand procession of Lilliputian forces is forming in the scene dock on the left of the stage.

Here they are, rank upon rank, and column upon column. Toddlers morsels, ever so much smaller than the smallest of the juvenile audience, whose shrill cries of delight will greet them, as, by-and-by, they totter on to the stage encumbered by the weight of their little pepper-casters of helmets, with the tiny breastplates and tinier shield and greaves to match. Small guardsmen, of maturer growth, but yet far within what Belgravia would consider the nursery stage, and hardly big enough for the onerous dignity of nursemaid even in precocious Lambeth; big boys of



eight and nine, staggering under mighty banners of spangled silk; bigger boys yet—or girls very likely, for they are largely in the ascendant here, are more docile, more intelligent, and less obstreperous—astride of Bob and his brethren, and glorious in all the paraphernalia of cavalry of every arm, from the cohorts of ancient Rome to the dashing Uhlan of modern civilisation. You wade through them as through a sea, and the clamorous waves, in their wildest mood assuredly never raised around you such a clamour as arises from the four hundred or so tiny throats. Presently there is a momentary hush. The super-master has come wading after you, cane in hand, and is enforcing his vociferous demand for silence, by laying about him right and left. For the moment you expect to hear a small instalment of those exclamations of woe for which the manager's speech has already prepared you. But it soon becomes evident that the apparently severe discipline is by no means so Spartan as it at first appears. The old super-master "don't believe in hitting children." His blows fall freely enough upon the uplifted spears, and swords, and muskets; but backs and shoulders know them not. And presently the silence becomes chatter once more; the chatter, clamour; the clamour, roar; to be stilled again, and again to break out afresh, till the shrill whistle of the prompter calls the whole little army to "attention," and the march begins.

I am standing at the wing, awaiting the signal, and not altogether without a thought of my own probable fate should any one of the thousand or two gas-jets flaring on all sides send its flame half-an-inch too far, and set men, women, children, horses, camels, and elephants stampeding for their lives, when I am aware of something towzling my ankles, and look down in expectation of some small animal. It is my little 'orrior, "armed at all points exactly cap-à-pie," and terribly afraid of not being at its proper station when the advance shall sound. "Whither away, warrior?" I ask. But my champion's well-disciplined mind is full of business, and has no thought to spare for a mere flâneur like myself, save only in so far as I am an obstruction to his progress. The obstruction removed, the warrior is gone like a little flash, stalks bodily under the nearest pony—he has no need to stoop for the purpose—wriggles in between the hind legs of the next, and disappears in a forest of tails and hoofs. The next moment the

signal is given, and every hoof and tail is in motion. I listen for a tiny shriek, but none comes. If my little warrior has been trampled out of existence—and it is difficult to imagine any other result—it has died silently, as a gallant warrior should. Died! bless you; not a bit of it. There it goes, toddling manfully at the head of the Lilliputian troop, wheeling, and marching, and counter-marching, and deploying till it comes up to "tion!" just on the precise spot of the precise board, marked out for its station in the orders of the day.

Then presently the wheeling, and marching, and counter-marching begins again, and little 'orrior comes toddling off, steady as old Time, till the shelter of the wing is fairly reached, then, scuttling off with a tiny yell of triumph, and scrambling on all-fours up the ladder-like stairs to where, at the open door, half-a-score of dressers—we will not wound our little 'orrior's feelings by calling them nurses, on any account—are waiting with outstretched arms, and pounce upon them swiftly, and skin them like so many little shrimps—five-and-twenty to the dresser! "May I go up?" I ask. "Certainly," replies the stage-manager. "But you won't care to stay long." And I don't. It is a big room enough, as it had need be with two hundred children to be dressed and undressed in it at top speed eight or ten times a day, and the ventilation is, no doubt, as perfect as under the circumstances it can be made. A certain relief, too, is afforded by the comparatively balmy odour which floats up through the boards from the stables below. But even this does not render the atmosphere ambrosial. It is a curious sight, though, while one can stop to look at it, the long loft-like room, with its miles of tables down the middle and on either side. Here, piles of tiny armour and spangled cloaks and tunics; there, masses of frocks and trousers, each rolled up and ticketed in some mysterious but ingenious fashion, which enables the panting dresser to pounce in an instant upon each particular garment as required. Along the dressing-table is a quadruple line of laughing, chattering imps rapidly changing, under the dressers' skilful hands, from Lilliputians to Spaniards, Chinamen, policemen, guardsmen, and goodness knows what beside. In a corner, comparatively out of the way, a score or so of benches, on which sit, chattering and laughing at double speed, a hundred or two more, the tiniest of the lot, whose work is done for the night, and who, having got out of their stage-

garments, are waiting, in a more or less cherubic state, till the rest, who are to figure in the coming procession, are disposed of and the dressers free. So much I am able to observe, and then my feelings overcome me, and I retire—precipitately; to find myself, as I reach the stage, in a denser throng than ever. The ponies have disappeared; but their place has been taken by horses; four huge camels are displaying anything but the patience with which they are conventionally accredited, and are tugging at their long halters and shuffling about in a painfully lively manner. The elephants take things more easily, amusing themselves by applying their india-rubber noses to the rubbing out of imaginary pencil-marks or anything that happens to be within reach; and closely packed among them all are men with banners, and girls with wreaths, and boys with swords and muskets, and negro slaves with great shields upon their shoulders, on to which ladies of the ballet are clambering with such toes as men and horses and elephants have left them; and right down by the first entrance is a huge gilt car, where the prima donna—a real prima donna from La Scala, mind you, who has never smelt sawdust in her life before—is holding on for bare life; whilst the biggest elephant of them all insists, with more zeal than discretion, on dragging it and her through a gap in the scenery very far from wide enough for their passage.

But all works itself right somehow; and in due course the procession is over, the transformation-scene past, and I am at home again, and dreaming that the pretty pink columbine and I have ridden off together upon a Bactrian dromedary, to pay a visit to our Lilliputian 'orrior. That doughty champion has not turned his sword into a reaping-hook, being by no means given to agricultural pursuits. But he has taken his helmet and breastplate to the clever tinman round the corner, who has converted them into the nicest little covered saucepan you ever saw.

#### THE POOR GENTLEWOMEN OF ST. CLEMENT'S.

IN SIX PARTS. PART III.

HAVING already had occasion to mention Miss Whincop's name more than once, I will now, with your permission, introduce her more particularly to your notice.

Miss Whincop, then, was a slight, delicate-looking lady, with a thin aquiline

nose, very bright blue eyes, and an unmistakable air of high breeding. That she had been a great beauty in her younger days not even anyone who saw her for the first time when she was sixty-five, could for a moment doubt. She had a profusion of very white hair, which she wore combed back from her forehead in a high roll, the whole being covered with one of those elaborate caps, those filmy structures of lace and ribbon, for which she was famed among us. Miss Whincop, indeed, always paid twice as much for her caps as any of the other ladies; but then, as the other ladies said, she could afford to do so. It was rather an uncommon thing in those days for elderly gentlewomen to wear their own hair, but Miss Whincop did so, and very beautiful she always looked in my eyes. The other ladies, be it whispered, wore "fronts," of which articles each of them had, at the least, two—one, the second best, for the privacy of home, and another, newer and more glossy, for Sundays and company days. My aunt's fronts, I remember, had three little podgy curls on each side of the parting, and most of the other ladies had theirs made after a not very dissimilar fashion.

Miss Whincop, her age notwithstanding, had a very pretty pink colour in her cheeks which I am sure was quite natural; but with regard to her eyebrows, I remember that Miss MacArthur—who was slightly acrimonious, and had no eyebrows herself worth speaking of—did insinuate on several occasions that they must be pencilled, they were so dark and so beautifully arched. But even if we had known such really to be the case, we should none of us have loved Miss Whincop one whit the less on that account.

There could be no deception, however, as regards her hands. They were, taking her age into account, the smallest, whitest, and most beautifully-shaped hands I ever saw. She was very proud of them herself, and well she might be.

Miss MacArthur used to hint that she slept in kid gloves, but even if she did it was no one's business but her own. I used to notice that when she was sitting in her easy-chair at home, and talking to her visitors, she generally rested her elbows on the arms of the chair, and brought the tips of her fingers together on a level with her chin. This was a great habit of hers, and when I once spoke to my aunt about it, she said that she supposed Miss Whincop did it to keep her hands from looking red.

All the other ladies of the Endowment, with the exception, perhaps, of Miss MacArthur, seemed to take it as a sort of personal compliment to themselves whenever anyone noticed Miss Whincop's hands. I remember that when the gentlewomen were invited to tea by Lady Harding, wife of Sir Harold Harding, the member for St. Clement's, we did not forget to tell each other next day, with an air of quiet gratulation, that her ladyship's hands were not nearly so white or well-shaped as Miss Whincop's.

Miss Whincop's father was a well-known major-general of his time, who was wounded at the siege of Seringapatam. His daughter still religiously preserved the bullet that had been extracted from his shoulder. As a great favour I was now and then allowed to see it. It was preserved in cotton-wool, and kept locked up in a little casket of oriental workmanship.

In consequence of her father having been at the siege of Seringapatam, we looked upon Miss Whincop as an undoubted authority in all matters relating to the East Indies, or, for the matter of that, to the West Indies also, respecting the geographical position of which section of the world our ideas were somewhat of the vaguest.

But it was not alone in matters relating to India that we looked up to Miss Whincop as our authority and guide. In all questions that had reference to society, to fashion, and the beau monde, her opinion and her verdict were accepted as final and indisputable. Not only had her father been a major-general, but she herself, on more than one occasion, had breathed the atmosphere of pure aristocracy. When a girl of eighteen she had spent a fortnight at Wingfield Towers, and had not only danced several times with the young marquis, but had really and truly had the exquisite felicity of walking through a quadrille with the Prince Regent himself. Who, after that, would have been bold enough to dispute her supremacy?

Next to the bullet that had been extracted from the major-general's shoulder, Miss Whincop counted as her greatest treasure a certain soiled white glove, that had been dropped by the prince that night at Wingfield Towers. On two occasions I was made happy by having it shown to me. With what awe I gazed on it! He who had worn it was now the king! Each time after showing it to me Miss Whincop kissed it with a sort of reverential tenderness before putting it away. Then she sighed, and then

she said, "Ah! my dear, what happy, happy days were those!"

When I grew older I often used to wonder how it was that Miss Whincop had never got married. Surely she could not have grown old without having a lover—she so pretty, so sweet-tempered, so lovable in every way. Somewhere in the volume of her life there must have been a hidden page of romance, if one could but have found it, and read it.

I was turning over some old letters the other day in search of something, when I came across the only note I ever received from Miss Whincop. There were two or three little mistakes in the spelling, but I was hardly surprised at that, having more than once heard her enunciate her views respecting the education of girls. An air of distinction, she would aver, was of far more importance to a girl, than the merely mechanical acquirements of reading and writing correctly. Those were left for the gentlemen. For her part she often misspelt a word purposely; it showed that she was of gentle breeding, and had not been brought up to business. My aunt, however, who was slightly nervous about her spelling, took a somewhat different view, and never would venture on the composition of a letter, without having her pocket Johnson at her elbow.

Miss Whincop had been more or less connected with military people all her life. She had two cousins still in the army when I first knew her, and of her brother, Captain Whincop, she was never tired of speaking. But Captain Whincop was no longer in the army. He had sold out several years previously, and shortly afterwards, having dropped in for a handsome legacy, he had taken himself, his wife, and his family of growing lads, to New South Wales, and had settled quietly down to make a fortune by sheep-farming. About twice a year there came a letter from Captain Frank or his wife; if from him, all the news would be told in about a dozen lines; but if from Mrs. Whincop, it was sure to be crossed and recrossed, so that it used to take "my darling Honoria" a whole afternoon to decipher it, and make herself thoroughly mistress of its contents. But that only added to the pleasure of receiving a letter from the other side of the world; and really, in those days, when the postage charges were so exorbitant, one naturally expected a good deal of news for one's money.

The receipt by Miss Whincop of a long letter from her brother's wife, was generally

followed by an invitation to my aunt and Miss Lawson to go and take tea with her.

As soon as the tea-tray was cleared away, Miss Whincop would snuff the candles, draw them nearer to her, and put on her gold-rimmed spectacles. We knew quite well what was coming, and that we had been invited in order that we might have the New South Wales letter read out to us. Except on those occasions, we hardly ever saw Miss Whincop wear her spectacles. She liked people to think that she could see as well without them as with them, but I am of opinion that she used them more frequently in private than she cared to let anyone know. In the case of her sister-in-law's letters, she confessed at once that "dear Maria" wrote such a cramped, spidery hand that, without the aid of her "glasses," it was next to impossible to make out her meaning. "She used to write much more plainly when in England," Miss Whincop would add. "But I daresay that going abroad has had something to do with spoiling her writing. I have been told that it alters people in many ways." These preliminaries being got through, the reading began. This, with Miss Whincop's running commentary thereon, and the mixed conversation that followed, would bring us quite comfortably to nine o'clock, with its biscuits and cowslip wine. In this way we came, little by little, to be on quite familiar terms with the captain and his life in the Bush. Almost as well we seemed to be acquainted with Mrs. Frank; and as for the youngsters, we knew the name and age of each of them, from twenty-year-old Harry, with his chestnut beard and his gun across his shoulder, to eight-year-old Gracie, with her pet greyhound, and her propensity for black-currant jam. We heard a great deal about sheep and horses, about natives and bushrangers, about that strange food which they call "damper," and how half the captain's servants were convicts on parole with a ticket-of-leave. All these details of antipodean life had for my girlish imagination a strange and wonderful fascination. When Miss Whincop used to say, "Frank's estate is half as large as some English counties," I tried to realise such a state of things, but could not. One evening, I remember, she startled me very considerably.

"If this knitting-needle," she said, "were only long enough, and strong enough, to penetrate right through the earth, I daresay that it would come out

on the other side somewhere near Frank's house."

That night I lay awake for more than an hour, thinking over Miss Whincop's words. If these people, I argued with myself—having at that time but a very hazy notion of the law of gravitation—if these people are exactly underneath us, they must walk upside down, like a fly on the ceiling; and if so, how do they exist, and why don't they fall off into space? I couldn't make it out at all; but one conclusion was quite clear in my mind, that however wild and wonderful a place New South Wales might be, it was much more comfortable, as well as much safer, to live on the upper side of the world, and not be compelled to walk head downward.

It was one day, not very long after this, that Miss Whincop sent across quite suddenly for my aunt and Miss Lawson. They obeyed the summons at once, and, on entering Miss Whincop's parlour, they were startled to find there a military-looking man, of about five-and-forty, to whom they were at once introduced.

"This gentleman, my dears," said Miss Whincop, "is Captain Lucas, a great friend of my brother Frank. He has just returned from New South Wales, and has brought me news of the family. Captain Lucas has been kind enough to come several miles out of his way in order to deliver the messages that Frank sent by him. I am really at a loss how to thank him sufficiently." Then she introduced my aunt and Miss Lawson to the captain.

He squeezed the ladies' hands so hard, that Miss Lawson could not help crying out. Upon this he begged her pardon, saying that he was nothing but a rough soldier, after which he said he was suffering from a touch of ague, and that, perhaps, Miss Whincop could oblige him with "a little nip of brandy."

Miss Whincop, who, as she afterwards confessed, was just on the point of ordering in the cowslip and ginger wines, at once sent out for a bottle of brandy. The captain politely waved away the water-jug, saying that he always drank his spirits neat. He was certainly a fine-looking man, as we all agreed, when we came to know him better later on. As Miss Damer remarked, his long, drooping moustache—a rarity in those days—gave him quite the air of a foreign count. But there was nothing of the dandy about him; his braided and frogged frock-coat being considerably the worse for wear, and there being an unmistakable patch on



one of his boots. But none of the gentlewomen thought any worse of him on the score of his shabbiness. Who could look shabbier than Lord Rosedale looked when he drove into St. Clement's? and yet he was worth twelve thousand a year.

"I daresay you find me a little rough-and-ready," said Captain Lucas, apologetically, while he sipped at his brandy, "but you must remember that I have been away from England for twenty years, and that a great part of that time has been spent among savages, and in countries where I have often not seen another white man for months and months."

Miss Whincop replied very graciously that there was nothing to apologise for, and that she could never forget the obligation she was under to Captain Lucas.

The captain bowed, smiled, pulled at his moustache, and poured out some more brandy. Then Miss Whincop, not satisfied with what she had heard already, began to catechise him more minutely with regard to her brother and his family. Was not Captain Frank getting gray, and how did her sister-in-law look? She hoped that "poor Maria" had got rid of that nasty hacking cough that troubled her so very much every winter before she left England. And then the children; were they light or dark, tall or short? The captain answered all the questions put to him, easily and naturally. It was quite evident that he had been on the best of terms both with Captain Frank and the youngsters. He described to us a Bush fire and a kangaroo hunt in glowing terms, and told us many quaint anecdotes about the manners and customs of the aborigines. But what pleased Miss Whincop best of all was to hear about her little niece, Honoria, the youngest of the flock. "My friend Frank named her after you, ma'am," said the captain, "because she was so like you. And I am sure he could not have done a wiser thing. That child is the very image of you."

There were tears in Miss Whincop's eyes when she next spoke. "You don't think my little niece is too old to be pleased with a doll, do you, Captain Lucas?"

"A nice English doll, ma'am, would send little Honey into fits," said the captain in his "rough-and-ready" way. "She used to have a chunk of wood tied round with a pinafore, and she was nursing it all day long."

"Poor darling! Poor little Honoria!" said Miss Whincop. "I am so glad you have told me all this, Captain Lucas. I

will go out to-morrow and buy the child a couple of dolls and some toys and picture-books, and have them sent off at once; but even then it will be many months before they can reach her."

"It is rather strange, is it not, Captain Lucas," said Miss Whincop, a few minutes later, "that my brother should never have mentioned your name in his letters to me?"

"Why no, ma'am," said the captain, smilingly, "I don't think that's at all strange. I've no doubt that Frank has many friends in the colony whose names he never mentions in his letters. Because why? You don't know them, and wouldn't care to hear about them. And that's my case exactly."

The captain took his leave soon afterwards, but not till he had promised to come to tea next afternoon and be introduced to Mr. Drysdale. He did not go, you may be sure, till he had been shown the bullet extracted from the major-general's shoulder, nor till he had nearly finished the bottle of brandy.

Next afternoon Captain Lucas came to tea, and was introduced to Mr. Drysdale. After tea they played whist, my aunt making the fourth at a rubber. When they broke up the captain had lost half-a-crown, a fact which caused him to laugh heartily. Before leaving, he told Miss Whincop that he had made up his mind to remain at St. Clement's for a few days, before going on to his brother's, on account of the splendid angling that was to be had just outside the town. We were all pleased to hear this. Strangers came among us so seldom, that, when we did secure one, we did not fail to make the most of him.

After this, a day seldom passed without our seeing something of the captain, if it were only for a few minutes at a time. The more we saw of him the better we liked him. He was brimful of strange anecdotes, and had a charming tenor voice, which he knew how to humour and make the most of. If he was a little "rough-and-ready," as he called it, what then? Much was to be excused in a man who had been compelled to live among a tribe of savages, for three whole years, as one of themselves. He had evidently taken a great liking to Mr. Drysdale, and an evening seldom passed without their having a pipe or two together, in the master's chimney corner.

Just at this time our annual fair took place. It was a very lively time both for the town and country people. There were caravans and shows of all kinds, and plenty

of music both indoors and out. On the second evening of the fair, Captain Lucas persuaded the master to take a stroll with him through the crowd. It was a pity they ever went. Before they got back Mr. Drysdale had had his pocket picked of a valuable gold chronometer, and the captain had lost his purse in the same way, but as it only contained a couple of sovereigns it was no great loss. But for Mr. Drysdale we all felt very sorry.

Much to our regret, the captain's stay at St. Clement's was drawing to a close, when, on a certain Monday forenoon, Miss Whincop was surprised by a visit from Mr. Popplewick, the landlord of the King's Arms. He came to inquire as to the whereabouts of Captain Lucas, but, as it turned out, nobody at the Endowment had seen him since Friday evening. Then Mr. Popplewick told us a strange story indeed. The captain, he averred, was neither more nor less than a swindler. Two jewellers in the town had been victimised by him to a considerable amount. Mr. Popplewick's own bill for the captain's board and lodging came to more than twenty pounds.

"And he borrowed twenty pounds of me only four days ago," said Miss Whincop, ready to cry.

"Not a penny of which you will ever see again, ma'am," answered Mr. Popplewick.

And so, indeed, it was. We saw the captain no more. When his portmanteau was broken open at the hotel it was found to contain nothing but pieces of brick tied up in brown paper. Poor Miss Whincop took to her bed, and was laid up for more than a week. Her silver teapot disappeared mysteriously about this time, and was never seen again.

Her first act, after she got better, was to write a long letter to her brother. After many weary months of waiting we received Captain Frank's reply. Lucas, it seems, had been one of the servants sent him by Government with a ticket-of-leave; hence his intimate knowledge of the family and its affairs. When his time was up, he had come back to England, and finding himself in the neighbourhood of St. Clement's, he had utilised his knowledge in the way we have seen.

I had nearly forgotten to mention that about six months after the captain's disappearance, Mr. Drysdale received, through the post, a pawn-ticket, wrapped in a sheet of paper, on which was written: "With Captain Lucas's compliments." The ticket, dated from some place in London, was for a gold chronometer that had been pledged

for ten pounds; so that there could be no doubt after that, as to who it was that had picked the master's pocket.

The chronometer found its way back in due course into Mr. Drysdale's pocket, but of Miss Whincop's teapot nothing was ever heard.

## WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGERD," "AT HER MERCY,"  
"HALVES," &c.

### CHAPTER XXIX. A FRIEND IN NEED.

WELL was it for Ella Landon, in that time of trial and trouble, that she was not alone, and, above all, that such a friend as Gracie Ray was with her. Gracie possessed all the loving sympathy that a woman looks for when in trouble, and was not chary of exhibiting it; and, in addition, she had strong common sense, which Ella lacked. It was by her advice that her hostess denied herself to no caller upon that terrible day, but met them all—and they were many—with a resolute front. To have refused to see them would have been, if not a confession of wrong-doing, at all events a sign of weakness; and it was above all things necessary that Ella should show no such sign. For herself—as to what these people thought or said of her—she was indifferent; but for her husband's sake it behoved her to be wise as a serpent, that she might seem harmless as a dove.

"You have put me in a very unpleasant position," he had said; and it was now plain enough he had spoken truly. It was therefore her duty to do all that in her lay to extricate him from it.

She had been unable to avoid a breach with Lady Elizabeth. Not for one instant would she permit a slur upon her own fair fame and her husband's honour; but with the rest she had done her best to be conciliatory. Lady Greene, for one, was favourably disposed towards her, and there was Frank Greene the Guardsman—a very popular young fellow—to stand up for her. It was a question, however, whether the latter ally would be advantageous. A woman's case is not enviable when men take up her cause against women. The best she could hope for, for the present, was to have the majority of her female friends upon her side. Terrible as it was to acknowledge it, she confessed to herself that it was a comfort to her that her husband was away, and out of hearing of the scandals of which she was conscious

of being the subject. If he took it in hand to avenge her it would now be necessary to throw half London into the water.

Never had Gracie and she been so confidential together, as they were upon that unhappy evening, yet not one word did Ella drop of any doubt of her husband's love; nor, indeed, could she now be said to doubt it. Matters had come to that sad pass with her that she could not believe that, in addition to all her troubles, the consolation of his love should be denied her. One does not understand, in youth, how misfortune can follow on misfortune as wave comes after wave—save that there is no ebb. It is only the old who know how pitiless Fate can be. That Gracie thought very seriously of Ella's misdoing in that matter of the false name she did not attempt to conceal, and it was well that this was so; for her friend's disapproval afforded Ella some sort of measure of the feeling which would be entertained against her by those who were not her friends. She had so smoothed the matter over in her own mind, that she would otherwise have been unable to regard it from their point of view at all, and would have resented even the advances of those who were inclined to be her partisans—since they still blamed her—with impatience and indignation. Her position was, in fact, extremely difficult; she could not bring herself to tell these people the whole truth. To reveal the story of her quarrel with her father would be, perhaps, after all, but to give them a new subject for scandalous talk, and even if she had felt sure of its acceptance, she would have shrunk from such a disclosure; and yet, if she refused any explanation, it would seem even to her friends suspicious.

Under these circumstances such an adviser and consoler as she found in Gracie was invaluable indeed.

But for all that, where she looked for comfort most was from her husband. She was up and about, next morning, hours before the post came that was to bring his promised letter; and when it came—at breakfast-time, as usual—her emotion was such that her fingers could scarcely open the envelope. Gracie, in her tender discretion, had hidden herself behind The Times, and there remained waiting for her friend to speak. So long a time, however, passed by in silence that, at last, she ventured to look up at her. Ella was staring straight before her, with a strange look of woe and wonder in her eyes, and with the letter crumpled up in her hand.

"What is the matter, dear Ella? Is there bad news?"

"There is news I do not understand," said Ella, in hard unyielding tones. "Read it," and she put the letter in her hand. "Read it aloud, please."

Gracie hesitated for a moment, and then obeyed her:

"Wellborough, Friday.

"MY DEAR ELLA,—I did not get here in time to write to you by yesterday's post. I could not have accomplished it in any case, I believe; but as it happened there was a breakdown on the road, and, indeed, what might have been a very serious accident. Our branch-line train was run into by the up express, and a good many people were injured. As you will learn by my telegram of to-day, however, I escaped unhurt, except for a bit of shaking. The points were turned on wrong by some poor devil, who, I suppose, as usual, had been sixteen hours at his post; but I spare you the details, which you will read in extenso in the newspapers. I have not seen Montague, our late manager, yet; but, from what I hear, I have got a good deal of work cut out for me. It may not, however, necessarily be at the office; and, on the whole, it will be better for you to direct to me at the Eagle Hotel, which will be my head-quarters. I am very glad to think that Miss Gracie is with you; pray give her my kindest regards. Imagine me alone in a second-class hotel of a country town, and be thankful for your own lot. At the same time, I am truly glad that you are not with me. I shall get through my business all the quicker, though, as I have said, I expect it will be a long job.—Your affectionate husband, CECIL LONDON."

"What is your explanation of that letter?" said Ella when her friend had finished.

"My explanation, dear Ella? What do you mean?"

Gracie had a vague idea that it was the tone of the letter with which her friend was dissatisfied; and certainly it did not strike her as being the sort of communication she would herself have liked to have received from an absent husband. Still, there was nothing in it that to her mind required any explanation in the usual sense of the word. Its meaning seemed plain enough.

"Look at the date, Gracie. 'Friday. I did not get here in time to write to you by yesterday's post,' he says. He means it to be inferred that he reached Wellborough on Thursday night; yet Mr.

Montague's telegram informed us he had not arrived yesterday morning."

"That is easily explained, Ella. He got in late, and went straight to the hotel; then, being doubtless very tired, he did not go down to the office till some-time after it was opened. The manager therefore concluded that he had not arrived."

"But Cecil's telegram of yesterday is dated Middleton."

"To be sure, I had forgotten that," said Gracie. "Perhaps he went to Middleton on business before he went to his office."

"Middleton is thirty miles from Well-borough, Gracie; and besides, if he had business there, why did he not stop there on his way down?"

"Perhaps he did," said Gracie. "He says he got 'a bit of a shaking,' and after leaving Pullham he might have felt the effects of the accident, and thought it better to stay at Middleton than to proceed that night. He did not tell you all that lest he should make you anxious, but telegraphed to the manager—as Mr. Montague says—and also to yourself."

"That may be so," said Ella, thoughtfully, and her set face began to soften a little. "It is just possible."

"Of course it is, and there are plenty of such possibilities. Whatever inconsistency may appear in your husband's letter, Ella, should be surely set down to his credit, so far at least as you are concerned. In my opinion it is always safest as well as best to be straightforward, but if his care for you has suggested another course, it is very ungrateful to find fault with him."

"I found no fault with him," said Ella.

"You looked very displeased, my dear, just as though you suspected something; and yet what could you suspect?"

It was upon the tip of Ella's tongue to cry out with bitterness, "Ah, you are not married;" for, in fact, she was consumed with doubts and jealousies of she knew not what or whom. She felt sure that there was deception somewhere; and the tone of her husband's letter aggravated her suspicions. He seemed to wish to prepare her for an absence of indefinite duration. And "my dear Ella" and "your affectionate husband" were

not the loving terms which he was accustomed to use in his correspondence with her. It was cruel of him to make her feel, now that he was away from her, that things were different between them.

She was irritated and wretched, and ill at ease, but she regretted that she had given the impression to Gracie of having any want of confidence in Cecil. Matters must be bad indeed when a woman complains to her female friend—and she unmarried—of the conduct of her husband.

"I suspect nothing, dear Gracie," said she, in answer to her friend's question. 'Suspect' is not of course the word to apply to Cecil. But I felt aggrieved, I confess, that he should have had any concealments from me, even for my own good, as he may have thought it; it is treating one like a child. However, it was doubtless foolish to be so 'put out,' and not very civil to you, my dear. Some guests would have felt 'huffy.'"

"Never you mind me, dear Ella. I am not likely to feel 'huffy,' as you call it, and you on your part must not be 'huffy,' if I speak quite frankly upon matters on which you think proper to consult me."

"That means to say," said Ella, smiling, "that you want to give me a scolding."

"Not a scolding, Ella; but I do think that you are inclined to be rather hard upon your husband."

"I hard upon Cecil?"

There was a world of affection in her tone that witnessed for her beyond any protestations.

"Does love then make one hard?"

"It sometimes makes one exacting. It seems to me that you have disturbed yourself quite unnecessarily, for example, about this letter from your husband. When he comes home, he will probably make everything that now appears to you mysterious quite clear in half-a-dozen words."

"You are right, my dear," said Ella, rising, and embracing her friend. "I was going to worry him for an explanation, but now he shall be let off, and only begged to come home as quick as he can. What a model wife you will make, Gracie, when Mr. —Mr. Right has had the luck to win you!"

Certainly Gracie was a great comfort to her friend in those first days of doubt.





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# DR. DE JONGH'S

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It has long been a well-established fact that DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is the only kind which produces the full curative effects of the remedy. Hence the importance of its administration in cases of Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, so that invaluable time may not be lost through the use of Cod Liver Oils deficient in the most active properties of the medicine.

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DR. SINCLAIR COGHILL, *Physician to the Royal National Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Ventnor*, writes:—

"For many years I have, in private practice, exclusively prescribed the Cod Liver Oil of DR. DE JONGH, from a large and intimate experience of its superiority as a remedial agent in appropriate cases to other Cod Liver Oils, ignorantly lauded on account of their comparative tastelessness and lightness of colour.

"More recently I have had, in the ROYAL NATIONAL HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION here, an opportunity of instituting a more extensive and systematic comparison, and I have convinced myself that in Tubercular and the various forms of Strumous Disease, DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL possesses greater therapeutic efficacy than any other Cod Liver Oil with which I am acquainted.

"It was especially noted, in a large number of cases in which the patients protested they had never been able to retain or digest other Cod Liver Oil, that DR. DE JONGH'S OIL was not only tolerated, but taken readily, and with marked benefit.

"I believe the superior qualities of this Oil to be due to its being presented in a more completely natural condition as regards its organic composition. Attempts to over-refine by destructive chemical processes probably have the effect of removing organic constituents of the highest importance, indeed essential, in promoting digestion and assimilation.

"DR. DE JONGH'S OIL is now the only Cod Liver Oil used in the ROYAL NATIONAL HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST."

[For further Select Medical Opinions see other side.

# CHRONIC BRONCHITIS—DISEASES OF THE THROAT.

In Chronic Bronchial and Laryngeal affections, and in the various forms of Winter Cough, DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is extensively used with most successful results.

It allays the local irritation which causes frequent and prolonged coughing, effectually corrects the morbid condition of the lining membrane of the throat and air passages, and, by its salutary influence on the general health, ultimately removes the predisposition to catarrhal disorders.

In the latter stages of Hooping-Cough it is also a most valuable remedy. Numberless Physicians proclaim the peculiar efficacy of DR. DE JONGH'S OIL.

Sir G. DUNCAN GIBB, Bart., M.D., *Physician to the Westminster Hospital, Author of "On Diseases of the Throat and Windpipe, as reflected by the Laryngoscope," "A Treatise on Hooping-Cough," &c., &c.,* writes:—

"The experience of many years has abundantly proved the truth of every word said in favour of DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL by many of our first Physicians and Chemists, thus stamping him as a high authority and an able Chemist whose investigations have remained unquestioned.

"Its value, therefore, as a therapeutic agent in a number of diseases, chiefly of an exhaustive character, has been admitted by the world of medicine; but, in addition, I have found it a remedy of great power in the treatment of many Affections of the Throat and Larynx, especially in Consumption of the latter, where it will sustain life when everything else fails.

"DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL generally agrees well, without causing nausea, and can be taken in smaller doses than the Pale Oils, and for a longer time continuously. It is, moreover, pure and genuine, has an agreeable flavour, is very palatable, and liked by children; hence its value in the third stage of Hooping-Cough, when it acts as a restorative and tonic. Its Light-Brown colour is a test of its uniformity in character and strength, and this explains why it is more digestible than other Oils."

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"I have frequently prescribed DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil. I consider it to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."

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"In all cases I have found DR. DE JONGH'S Cod Liver Oil possessing the same set of properties, among which the presence of choleic compounds, and of iodine in a state of organic combination, are the most remarkable."

Dr. EDGAR SHEPPARD,

*Professor of Psychological Medicine, King's College.*

"DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil has the rare excellence of being well borne and assimilated by stomachs which reject the ordinary Oils."

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**IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.**

**NORTON'S**

# **CAMOMILE PILLS,**

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**MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,**

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

**EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION**

**AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,**

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE, A

**PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD AND SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.**

**I**NDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations; amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pain in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or

occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems—nothing can more speedily, or with more certainty, effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach,

windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers and which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine, must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

**NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS** are prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under

any circumstances, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all TONIC MEDICINES. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body, which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by



nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinion of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production; if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetable, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the

same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing, a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds it way into the stomach, a friend should immediately be sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found — no, none which will perform the task with greater certainty than **NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS**. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted, and it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these **PILLS** should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy **OLD AGE**.

On account of their volatile properties,

4  
OBSERVATIONS ON INDIGESTION.

they must be kept in bottles; and if 2s. 9d. each, with full directions. The closely corked their qualities are neither large bottle contains the quantity of three impaired by time nor injured by any change small ones, or PILLS equal to fourteen of climate whatever. Price 13½d. and ounces of CAMOMILE FLOWERS.

**SOLD BY NEARLY ALL RESPECTABLE MEDICINE VENDORS.**

**Be particular to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.**

**A CLEAR COMPLEXION!!!**

**GODFREY'S  
EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS**

**I**S strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying, and Preserving the SKIN, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c., and by its Balsamic and Healing qualities render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, &c., clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful.

**Sold in Bottles, price 2s. 9d., by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.**

**STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS,  
FOR CHILDREN CUTTING TEETH.**

THE value of this Medicine has been largely tested in all parts of the world and by all grades of society for upwards of fifty years.

Its extensive sale has induced **spurious imitations**, in some of which the **outside Label** and the **coloured Paper** enclosing the Packet of Powders so closely resemble the Original as to have deceived many Purchasers. The Proprietor therefore feels it due to the Public to give a **special caution** against such imitations.

All purchasers are therefore requested carefully to observe that the words "**JOHN STEEDMAN, Chemist, Walworth, Surrey,**" are engraved on the Government Stamp affixed to each Packet, in **White Letters on a Red Ground**, without which none are genuine. The name STEEDMAN is spelt with *two EEs*.

**Prepared ONLY at Walworth, Surrey, and Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors in Packets, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each.**



# THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS FUND

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

ESTABLISHED 1815.

AT THE INVESTIGATION ON 31 Dec. 1873.

THE CASH SURPLUS

EXCEEDED ONE MILLION AND A QUARTER;

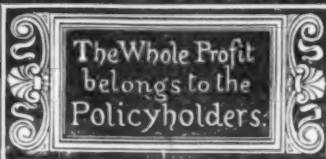
GIVING BONUS ADDITIONS RANGING - FROM  
£1.13 PER CENT PER ANNUM ON NEW POLICIES - TO  
£4.08 PER CENT PER ANNUM ON THE OLDEST.

ACCUMULATED FUNDS EXCEED

SIX MILLIONS STERLING.

TOTAL ASSURANCES IN FORCE

TWENTY MILLIONS STERLING.



FOR RESULTS OF YEAR 1875 SEE NEXT PAGE

THE  
*Scottish Widows' Fund Society*

Accumulated Funds . . . . .	£6,400,000
Annual Revenue . . . . .	800,000
Existing Assurances . . . . .	20,000,000

THE remarkable degree in which this SOCIETY possesses the confidence of the Provident Classes of the Community is amply demonstrated by the magnitude of the above figures, and its accelerating progress is shown in the result of the past year, as announced in the

ANNUAL REPORT.

New Assurances were completed for . . . .	£1,250,110
The Premiums on which were . . . . .	40,465
The Claims paid amounted to . . . . .	445,034

Of this amount £130,373 consisted of Bonus Additions, being  
AN AVERAGE of 43½ PER CENT ON ORIGINAL SUMS ASSURED.

The Increase to the Funds during 1875 was . . . . . 268,767

*Looking to the success of 1874-75, the first two years of the Septennium  
now current,*

the New Business showing £2,402,414 against £1,523,018 transacted during the corresponding period of the previous Septennium, also to the improved rate of interest which continues to be realised on the Society's Investments, as well as to its moderate Scale of Expenses of Management, there appears every reason to expect that the very satisfactory results of the last Division of Profits will be at least equalled by those at

THE NEXT INVESTIGATION IN 1880.

*Assurances effected before 31st December next  
will rank for a Full Year's Bonus at next Division of Profits.*

BRANCH OFFICES:

London, 28 CORNHILL.— <i>West End Agency</i> , 49 PALL MALL.	
Dublin, 9 LOWER SACKVILLE STREET.	Leeds, 21 PARK ROW.
Glasgow, 114 WEST GEORGE STREET.	Bristol, 22 COLLEGE GREEN.
Manchester, ALBERT SQUARE.	Belfast, 2 HIGH STREET.
Liverpool, 48 CASTLE STREET.	Newcastle, GRAINGER STREET, W.
Birmingham, 29 BENNETT'S HILL.	Dundee, 9 PANMURE STREET.
Norwich, 48 ST. GILES' CHURCH PLAIN.	

*Agencies in all the important towns of the three Kingdoms.*

HEAD OFFICE,  
9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH,  
Nov. 1876.

SAMUEL RALEIGH, *Manager.*  
AW. H. TURNBULL, *Secretary.*

*Copies of the last Annual Report with Accounts, Prospectuses, and Forms of Proposals,  
may be obtained on application at any of the Society's Offices or Agencies.*



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THE CORPORATION OF THE

# SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

No. 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

THIS OFFICE alone combines the advantages of  
*Mutual Assurance with Moderate Premiums.*

THE PREMIUMS are so moderate that at most ages an assurance of £1200 or £1250 may be secured from the first for the same yearly payment which would generally assure £1000.

The whole PROFITS go to the Policyholders, on a system at once safe, equitable, and favourable to good lives—no share being given to those by whose early death there is a *loss*. The effect of reserving the surplus for the survivors (who will, however, comprise more than half the members) has been that policies for £1000 have already been increased to £1400, £1600, and £1800. Some of the early policies have already been doubled.

The NEW BUSINESS of the last two years averaged £1,100,000, and in all respects the Report for 1875 was most favourable.

The COST of MANAGEMENT is unusually low. Notwithstanding the large amount of NEW BUSINESS—in special connection with which so much of the outlay is necessarily incurred—the *Ratio* of Expenses in last year was only 8.4 per cent on its Receipts, or 11.5 per cent on the Premium Income. *The actual Expenses are greatly under those of any other Institution doing a like amount of New Business.*

The GROWTH OF THE FUNDS must after all be the best practical test of prosperity. On this point Professor Macpherson, as Chairman last year, stated that "*the RATIO in which, for several years past, our Funds have increased, in proportion to our Income, has greatly exceeded that of any other Office in the Kingdom.*" The Increase in the past year was £230,000.

The Accumulated Funds now exceed £2,700,000.

A DIAGRAM (*prepared for the Chairman, Thos. Stevenson, C.E., F.R.S.E.*), showing the whole Receipts and Expenditure in each year, and the FUNDS at the end of each year—thus giving at a glance the history of the Institution from the commencement to the present time—may be had on application.

*Full STATEMENTS of PRINCIPLES will be found in the ANNUAL REPORTS.*

EDINBURGH, October 1876.

JAMES WATSON, *Manager.*

LONDON OFFICE—18 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

BIRMINGHAM—24 Bennett's Hill.

GLASGOW—67 St. Vincent Street.

# Scottish Provident Institution.

TABLE OF PREMIUMS, BY DIFFERENT MODES OF PAYMENT,  
For Assurance of £100 at Death—With Profits.

BRISTOL—St. Stephen's Avenue.

LEEDS—Royal Exchange.

Age next Birth-day.	Annual Premium payable during Life.	ANNUAL PREMIUM LIMITED TO			Single Payment.	Age next Birth-day.
		Twenty-one Payments.	Fourteen Payments.	Seven Payments.		
21	£1 16 3	£2 10 6	£3 4 11	£5 10 0	£33 0 1	21
22	1 16 9	2 11 0	3 5 9	5 11 0	33 5 10	22
23	1 17 2	2 11 6	3 6 5	5 12 1	33 11 2	23
24	1 17 7	2 12 1	3 6 11	5 13 1	33 16 5	24
25	1 18 0	2 12 6	3 7 3	5 14 0	34 2 0	25
26	1 18 6	2 13 0	3 7 10	5 14 11	34 8 2	26
27	1 19 2	2 13 6	3 8 7	5 15 11	34 16 1	27
28	1 19 11	2 14 1	3 9 5	5 17 1	35 4 9	28
29	2 0 8	2 14 8	3 10 3	5 18 6	35 14 1	29
*30	2 1 6	2 15 4	3 11 2	6 0 1	36 4 0	*30
31	2 2 6	2 16 2	3 12 1	6 1 10	36 14 6	31
32	2 3 5	2 17 1	3 13 2	6 3 8	37 5 5	32
33	2 4 6	2 18 0	3 14 4	6 5 8	37 17 2	33
34	2 5 7	2 19 0	3 15 7	6 7 9	38 9 7	34
35	2 6 10	3 0 2	3 16 11	6 10 0	39 2 9	35
36	2 8 2	3 1 5	3 18 4	6 12 5	39 16 11	36
37	2 9 8	3 2 9	3 19 11	6 15 0	40 12 4	37
38	2 11 3	3 4 3	4 1 7	6 17 9	41 8 7	38
39	2 12 11	3 5 9	4 3 4	7 0 7	42 5 4	39
†40	2 14 9	3 7 5	4 5 2	7 3 7	43 2 10	†40
41	2 16 8	3 9 2	4 7 2	7 6 8	44 0 11	41
42	2 18 8	3 11 1	4 9 3	7 9 11	44 19 9	42
43	3 0 11	3 13 1	4 11 5	7 13 3	45 19 3	43
44	3 3 3	3 15 3	4 13 10	7 16 9	46 19 7	44
45	3 5 9	3 17 6	4 16 4	8 0 7	48 0 8	45
46	3 8 5	4 0 0	4 19 1	8 4 6	49 2 8	46
47	3 11 5	4 2 8	5 2 1	8 8 8	50 5 8	47
48	3 14 8	4 5 8	5 5 4	8 13 2	51 9 7	48
49	3 18 1	4 8 9	5 8 9	8 17 11	52 14 1	49
50	4 1 7	4 12 1	5 12 4	9 2 10	53 19 3	50
51	4 5 6	4 15 5	5 16 1	9 7 11	55 4 5	51
52	4 9 5	4 18 10	5 19 11	9 13 1	56 9 0	52
53	4 13 5	5 2 5	6 3 11	9 18 3	57 12 11	53
54	4 17 8	5 6 3	6 8 0	10 3 5	58 17 2	54
55	5 1 11	5 10 2	6 12 1	10 8 6	60 0 8	55
56	5 6 4	.....	6 14 9	10 13 7	61 3 8	56
57	5 10 11	.....	6 18 8	10 18 8	62 6 5	57
58	5 15 9	.....	7 2 9	11 3 10	63 9 4	58
59	6 1 0	.....	7 7 3	11 9 0	64 12 11	59
60	6 6 7	.....	7 12 0	11 14 3	65 16 9	60

[These Rates are about as low as the usual non-participating Rates.]

\* A person of 30 may thus secure £1000 at Death, by a yearly payment, during *Life*, of £20:15s. This Premium, if paid to any other of the Scottish Mutual Offices, would secure £800 only, instead of £1000.

Or, if unwilling to burden himself with payments during his whole life, he may secure the same sum of £1000 by *twenty-one* yearly payments of £37:13:4—being thus free of payment after age 50.

† At age 40 the Premium ceasing at age 60, is, for £1000, £35:14:2, being about the same as most Offices require to be paid during the whole term of life.



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THE  
**PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE.**

FOUNDED 1806.

BRANCH OFFICES:

CITY,

14, Cornhill, E.C.

EDINBURGH,

75, George Street.

DUBLIN,

113, Grafton Street.

LIVERPOOL,

3, Whitechapel, Lord St.

MANCHESTER,

68, Fountain Street.

BIRMINGHAM,

20, Colmore Row.

LEEDS,

9, East Parade.

BRISTOL,

38, College Green.

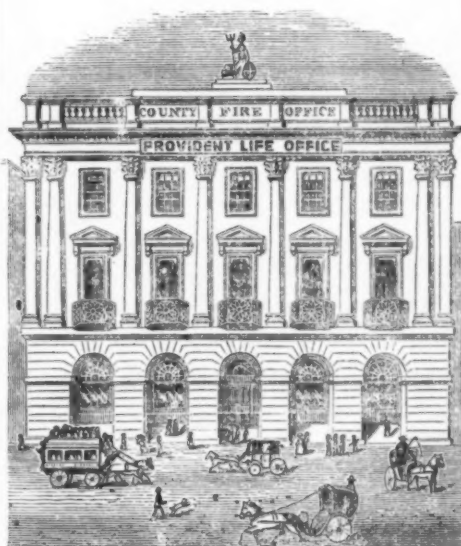
EXETER,

Queen Street.

CANTERBURY,

St. George's Road.

HEAD OFFICE:



50, REGENT STREET,  
LONDON.

EXISTING ASSURANCES.....	£5,526,706.
INVESTED FUNDS .....	£1,878,819.
CLAIMS PAID .....	£5,602,592.
ANNUAL INCOME.....	£244,230.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEE BACK.

## THE PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE

Was founded in the year 1806, and has during 70 years pursued an uninterrupted career of prosperity. At the present time it has Invested Funds, £1,878,819, and an Annual Income of £244,230.

### PROFITS.

The next Division will take place in May, 1878. Policies effected before the 1st January, 1878, will be entitled to share in this Division.

In the *PROVIDENT*, a Bonus immediately it is declared becomes absolute property. Bonuses to the amount of £2,042,155 have already been declared.

#### EXAMPLES OF BONUSES UPON POLICIES STILL IN EXISTENCE.

No. of Policy.	Date of Policy.	Sum Assured.	Policy increased by Bonuses to	Percentage of Bonus to Sum Assured.
3,924	1821	£ 5,000	£ 12,000 7 0	140 per cent.
6,616	1828	4,000	8,855 17 0	121 „
3,217	1819	500	1,071 0 4	114 „

#### EXAMPLES OF POLICIES UPON WHICH NO PREMIUMS ARE PAYABLE,

The yearly payments having been extinguished by the application of part of the Bonus to that purpose :—

No. of Policy.	Date of Policy.	Sum Assured.	Premium Payable.	Sum now Payable.
8,595	1834	£ 3,000	Nil.	£ 4,346 0 0
6,004	1826	1,000	„	1,443 8 9
9,195	1835	500	„	661 0 0

*NOTE.—The foregoing Policies will continue to be increased annually till death.*

**Surrender Values.**—Surrender Values are granted upon Policies any time after the payment of one year's premium.

**Loans on Policies.**—Loans are advanced by the Office, upon the deposit of a PROVIDENT POLICY, when the Surrender Value amounts to £10.

**Foreign Residence.**—Persons insured by this Office may reside in any part of the World, distant more than 33 degrees from the Equator, and in Australia, New Zealand, and Cape Colony, *without License or extra Premium.*

*Full Information given on application to THE SECRETARY, 50, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.*



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## IMPORTANT TO ALL.

As a means of keeping the system clear, and thus taking away the groundwork of Malarious Diseases and all Liver Complaints,

## ENO'S FRUIT SALT

Is particularly valuable. No Traveller should leave home without a supply; for by its use the most dangerous forms of Fever, Gouty, Rheumatic, and other Blood Poisons, very frequently causing Apoplexy, Heart Disease, and sudden death, &c., are prevented and cured. It is, in truth, a FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST in the simplest yet most potent form.

The FRUIT SALT acts as simply yet just as powerfully on the animal system, as sunshine does on the vegetable world; it has a natural action on the organs of digestion, absorption, circulation, respiration, secretion, and excretion, and removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health.

Also as a Refreshing, Cooling, and Invigorating Beverage, use

## ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

(PREPARED FROM SOUND RIPE FRUIT.)

Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Feverishness, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Vomiting, Thirst, &c., and to remove the effects of Errors of Eating and Drinking.

A Gentleman states:—In cases of bilious headaches, followed by severe attacks of fever, ENO'S FRUIT SALT has acted like a charm when all other treatments have failed. The day is not far distant when the neglect of its use in all fevers and diseases resulting from poisoned blood will be considered as criminal. See "Stomach and its Trials," 10th Edition, post free for 14 stamps.

Messrs. GIBSON & SON, Chemists, of Hexham, writing for a further supply of the Fruit Salt, say:—"Since we introduced your FRUIT SALT in Hexham, a few months ago, we have sold above a Thousand Bottles, and it gives general satisfaction, as customers who get it almost always recommend it to their friends. We have had numerous instances of its efficacy in the cure of bilious headaches and stomach complaints. It has had a greater sale than any other proprietary medicine that we know of."

If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known, no family would be without it. Price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. Prepared only by

J. C. ENO, Newcastle-on-Tyne,

May be had through any Chemist, as all Wholesale Houses keep it in stock.

TRADE

**ELECTRICITY IS LIFE**

MARK.

## PULVERMACHER'S IMPROVED PATENT GALVANIC CHAIN BANDS, BELTS, & BATTERIES

A self-applicable curative, perfectly harmless, and vastly superior to other remedies.

Though externally applied it has an internal action, physiologically, physically, and chemically upon the system, assisting nature to re-establish the normal balance of health and vigour, as witness the remarkable cures daily effected in cases of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, GOUT, DEAFNESS, HEAD AND TOOTH ACHE, PARALYSIS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, and Functional Derangements, &c., by means of PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC APPLIANCES, when all other remedies have failed.

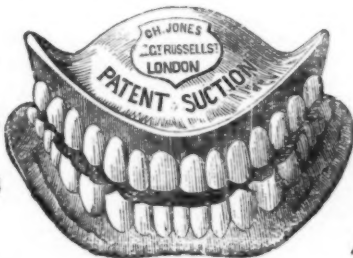
A few of the daily increasing number of testimonials communicated by grateful patients are reproduced in the pamphlet "Galvanism, Nature's Chief Restorer of Impaired Vital Energy," post free on application to

J. L. Pulvermacher's Galvanic Establishment, 194, Regent Street, London, W.

## PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

Mr. G. H. JONES,  
57, GREAT RUSSELL STREET,  
Has obtained HER MAJESTY'S  
for painlessly

Artificial Teeth by



## ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

Surgeon Dentist,  
LONDON,

ROYAL LETTERS PATENT  
adapting

Atmospheric Pressure.

Pamphlet gratis and post free, which explains his improved system of adapting Teeth

**WITHOUT PAIN.**

# DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

WHAT IS IT?

*A Handy Guide to Domestic Medicine. Every Household should possess a Copy.*

## DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

All Invalids should read the Chapter on the Functions of Digestion, showing by what process food is converted into blood—How blood sustains the whole system—How nervous power influences all the bodily organs to perform their allotted functions—Principles of life and death unfolded—Dying seldom accompanied with pain—Mental vision amplified prior to the death of the body—Immortality of the intelligent principle.

## DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

The Nervous, the Dyspeptic, or the Hypochondriac, should read the Chapter on the Origin of all Diseases from depression of nervous or vital power—How explained—Producing or exciting causes of nervous depression—Effects of the mind on the body—Effects of excessive joy—Anger—Grief and suspense—Sudden surprise and fright—Hard study—Hot relaxing fluids—Intemperance in eating and drinking—Spirituous liquors—Loss of blood—Impure air.

## DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

Read the Chapter on the Destructive Practice of Bleeding, illustrated by the cases of Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Madame Malibran, Count Cavour, General "Stonewall" Jackson, and other public characters.

## DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

All who wish to preserve health, and thus prolong life, should read DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET or HANDY GUIDE TO DOMESTIC MEDICINE, which can be had *gratis* from any Chemist, or *post free* from Dr. Rooke, Scarborough. Concerning this book, the late eminent author, Sheridan Knowles, observed: "It will be an incalculable boon to every person who can read and think."

## DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

A clergyman, writing to Dr. Rooke, under date July 5th, 1874, speaking of the "ANTI-LANCET" says: "Of its style and matter I can judge, for I have been an author on other themes for thirty years. None but a master-mind among men could have conceived or written your Introduction. It is the most perfect delineation I ever read of the human frame, and the links between the material fabric and the spiritual union of body and soul."

## DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET,

or, HANDY GUIDE TO DOMESTIC MEDICINE, can be had *gratis* of all Chemists, or *post free* from Dr. Rooke, Scarborough, England.

## DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

Ask your Chemist for a copy (*gratis*) of the last edition, containing 172 pages.

# CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR.

OPIATES, NARCOTICS, and SQUILLS are too often invoked to give relief in COUGHS, COLDS, and all PULMONARY DISEASES. Instead of such fallacious remedies, which yield momentary relief at the expense of enfeebling the digestive organs, and thus increasing that debility which lies at the root of the malady, modern science points to CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR as the true remedy.

## DR. ROOKE'S TESTIMONIAL.

Dr. Rooke, Scarborough, author of the "Anti-Lancet," says:—

"I have repeatedly observed how very rapidly and  
"invariably it subdued Cough, Pain, and Irritation  
"of the Chest in cases of Pulmonary Consumption;

"and I can, with the greatest confidence, recom-  
"mend it as a most valuable adjunct to an other-  
"wise strengthening treatment for this disease."

This medicine, which is free from opium and squills, not only allays the local irritation, but improves digestion and strengthens the constitution. Hence it is used with the most signal success in

ASTHMA,  
BRONCHITIS,

CONSUMPTION,  
COUGHS,

INFLUENZA,  
QUINSY,

CONSUMPTIVE NIGHT SWEATS,  
And all affections of the Throat and Chest.

Sold in Bottles, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each, by all respectable Chemists, and wholesale by JAMES M. CROSBY, Chemist, Scarborough, England.

\* Invalids should read Crosby's Prize Treatise on "DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND AIR-VESSELS," a copy of which can be had *GRATIS* of all Chemists.